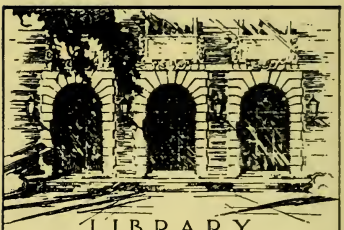

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RIGHT AND WRONG;

OR,

THE KINSMEN OF NAPLES.

A ROMANTIC STORY,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY MARY JULIA YOUNG,

AUTHOR OF

Rose Mount Castle, The East Indian, Moss Cliff Abbey, Poems, &c. &c.

VOL. II.

——— They both are bright; but one
Benignly bright as stars to Mariners;
And one a Comet, with malignant blaze
Denouncing ruin. *The Brothers—Young.*

Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of Heaven nor Earth. *Shakespeare.*

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RIGHT AND WRONG;

OR,

THE KINSMEN OF NAPLES.

CHAP. I.

Discontent.

WHILE Duvalvin was dreſſing, he ſaid to Marco: "You need not ſet up for me later than two o'clock."

"Ah! my maſter, I am ſorry."

"For what? that I am going a few miles out of town? Do not be childiſh,

my good Marco.—The carriage need not fetch me.—I *think* I ſhall not ſleep at home."

"Yet, if you ſhould alter your intention, Signor, it will be dangerous to walk home by yourſelf."

"Do not be alarmed for me, I will borrow a carriage, or ſend for my own. Do you think that I am not able to take care of myſelf?"

"I know you are brave and prudent, my maſter; but treachery cannot be guarded againſt like an open enemy."

"That fooliſh Lucentio makes you fearful without the leaſt cauſe. I will diſſipate your ſtrange ideas, by giving you

you an account of what paſſed at the cottage this morning."

Marco indeed forgot his apprehenſions for his maſter during the recital, and thanked him moſt gratefully for the deſcription of ſuch an intereſting and affectionate ſcene; and the pleaſing retroſpect reſtored that cheerfulneſs to Duvalvin, which reflection had baniſhed from his mind ſince he parted with the Marcheſa.

At dinner he was more lively than uſual; ſo was *not* Di Rozezzi, he appeared gloomy and thoughtful; the Conteſſa was affectionately attentive to *him*, and pointedly ſevere againſt Duvalvin: The Conte endeavoured to promote mutual good humour and cheerfulneſs; but finding *that* were im-

poſſible, he joined with his cara ſpoſa and her favorite. Frederic, unconſcious of having ſaid or done any thing to offend Lorenzo, whoſe ſullenneſs he knew was the cauſe of his uncle and aunt's unkind behaviour to him, ſoon quitted the unpleaſant group, and haſtened to the faſcinating Corinna l'Abandoni, whoſe reception of him, obliterated every thing that was diſagreeable from his mind.

The excellence of Duvalvin's diſpoſition led him to admire all that was amiable in the characters of thoſe with whom he was acquainted, and excuſe their errors: it is no wonder, therefore, if, while he gazed on the tranſcendent beauty, and liſtened to the harmonious voice of Corinna, that he ſhould forget her

her errors; for, as ſhe *now* was no ſtranger to his mind, ſhe exerted all her art to render her converſation pleaſing; all light, coquettiſh trifling, was carefully avoided, while her roſy lips uttered the dictates of tender ſenſibility, diſtintereſted love, benevolence, liberality, and every noble virtue which adorns the heart, in ſuch ſincere and glowing terms, that the charmed Duvalvin could not doubt the reality of their exiſtence in a breaſt, that ſeemed to harbour but *one* fault, a *fault* he almoſt *gloried* in; exceſs of love for himſelf;—the paſt was forgotten,—the preſent appeared perfect felicity,—a bliſsful dream! from which he was rouſed by the ſudden and unexpected arrival of the Duke of V—. When he was announced, l'Abandoni ſaid:

"Dear Duvalvin! how cruel is this interruption! I am grieved beyond expreſſion, to think that we muſt part thus early; but you know his conſequence. To-morrow,—*to-morrow*, my Frederic, ſhall I ſee you? I have a thouſand good deeds to conſult you about.—Will you come?"

"*Perhaps* I may, if I have *no other* engagement: and when I am here *again*, I will not forget that I am the viſitor of one, to whom *other* viſitors are *equally* welcome. You had talked me into a total forgetfulneſs of your errors; the Duke has brought them back to my memory; and I ſee you as you really are;—a lovely, but *very frail* woman.—O Corinna! why will you not reſpect yourſelf?"

"I *do*;—

"I *do*;—have I not reaſon, when I ſee myſelf adored by all mankind; *even* by Signor Duvalvin *ſometimes*. Come, come, do not be jealous: you have no reaſon; it is prudence alone that makes me apparently favor the Duke;—your ſafety, and my own, require this caution. I *love* only you, my amiable Duvalvin; believe, and pity your Corinna. To-morrow, my beloved, to-morrow even-ing, I ſhall expect you. Adieu, adieu!"

Frederic ſnatched his hat from a table on which he had thrown it, and went haſtily out at a private door, and re-turned home in a much worſe humour than he had gone out. He went directly to his own apartment. Marco was happy to ſee him ſafe at home; but as he perceived ſomething had vexed his

maſter, he corrected his joy at ſeeing him, and waited humbly, though rather impatiently, for an explanation: in this, however, he was diſappointed; Duval-vin choſe to conceal the cauſe of his vexation; and complaining of a ſlight head-ach, went to bed immediately, to avoid his own reflections, and the anxious uneaſy looks of his faithful domeſtic.

Lorenzo had ſpent the evening at a nobleman's in the neighbourhood, with the Conte and Conteſſa, where he had aſſumed a gaiety to which his heart was a ſtranger, but gloomy diſcontent met him in his chamber;—he ordered Lucentio to leave him,—he rang for him again,—then ſat abſorded in thought, without ſpeaking to him. Lucentio at laſt ventured to break the ſilence, by ſaying:

"I am

"I am very ſorry, Signor, to ſee you ſo grave.—I have ſomething to tell you; ſomething about your couſin, Signor Duvalvin, that I think will ſurpriſe you. —The Conte Pliantini ſat with you ſo long, while you were dreſſing, or I ſhould have told you then."

"What is it you have to *ſay?* talk on; tell me *any thing*,—any thing that will divert my thoughts from what they dwell upon, too, *too much*.—Talk, Lucentio, talk."

"I will, Signor, and to the purpoſe, as you know I always do. As I was returning from a little viſit, which I paid this morning to Lauretta, Signora l'Abandoni's favorite woman, I came a back way, to enjoy the ſhade of the

orange grove, and the refreſhing verdure of the fields on this ſide of it, which, I believe, appertain to the beautiful little cottage whoſe garden is watered by the winding rivulet."—

"To the purpoſe, Lucentio, to the purpoſe; curſe the rivulet!"

"Well, Signor; juſt as I had left its flowery banks, to ſhelter myſelf from the ſun beneath a hedge of new-blown roſes, that concealed me from thoſe who were on the other ſide, and who converſed freely, not imagining their diſcourſe was overheard."—

"Who were they? What is their diſcourſe to me? I am out of all patience."

"Nay,

"Nay, perhaps, it is not any thing to you, Signor; but I own it ſurprized *me* very much, to hear the Marcheſa talk with rapture of the bliſs, ſhe and Signor Duvalvin had enjoyed at the cottage this morning."

"How! what! the Marcheſa! Duvalvin! did you *ſee*,—did you *hear* them? go on, *go on*."

"Yes, Signor, I heard and ſaw them, ſo loving—ſo tender:—O heavens! ſhe hung fondly on his arm, and looked very beautiful, to be ſure. I do not know a more beautiful woman than the Marcheſa del Urbino."

"*Del Urbino!* may curſes——go on, *go on*; tell me all; ſtrengthen me to—Go on, Lucentio."

"Why,

"Why, Signor, they talked of mutual pleaſure, ſenſibility, and all that. *She* called him *dear* Duvalvin, and thanked him for taking her to that delightful cottage, which ſhe ſhould never think of without rapture."

"Torment!"

"*He*, Signor, talked of the bleſſings ſhe beſtowed; called her lovely Marcheſa; and when he handed her into the coach, which, for *good reaſons* I ſuppoſe, waited at ſome diſtance, he ſtepped in himſelf, and, no doubt, all the tender things were repeated during a pretty long ride."

"Confuſion! He has *ſucceeded* then!"

"Yes,

"Yes, indeed Signor Duvalvin is very ſucceſsful. High in the favor of the captivating l'Abandoni,—careſſed by the no leſs captivating Del Urbino,—and to make an aſſignation with the *latter*, at a cottage belonging to the *former!* He is as bold as he is triumphant:—Yet, this is your prudent philoſopher. What do you think of him *now*, Signor?"

"What do I think? Why, I *think* that now he *triumphs*,—revels in bliſs;—that *now* he poſſeſſes Del Urbino:—perdition! Ha! ha! ha! as you ſay, the grave philoſopher is changed; he is grown a man of gallantry, and can carry on his intrigues without your aſſiſtance, Lucentio. What is the hour?"

"Near one, Signor."

"Is

"Is there not a maſked ball at the Conte Caſſino's to-night?"

"There is, Signor; he ſent you a card."

"Get it; my maſk and domino too. I ſhall not be home till ſix or ſeven, ſo you may go to bed."

"Do you intend to walk, Signor?"

"Yes, through our garden, which is not a minute's walk from the Conte's. Go, fetch what I deſired you."

With folded arms, and a countenance ill ſuited to ſcenes of feſtivity, Lorenzo walked up and down his chamber; he wiſhed to ſeek a ſhort relief from mental agony

agony, amidſt a diſſipated crowd, and where a variety of amuſements might afford him ſome pleaſure; for, if diſguſted with the ſex, he could find no charms in woman, or if his ideas were too unſettled for play, *wine* was a ſure reſource in *that*, he determined, therefore, to procure a temporary eaſe to his tortured ſoul.

CHAP. II.

A Garden Scene, by Moonlight.

WHEN Lucentio had closed the garden door, and Di Rozezzi was left once more at liberty to reflect on his self-created miseries; he appeared more like a distracted mourner going to attend the funeral of all that his soul held dear, than like one who, possessing every enjoyment of life, was bending his way to splendid revelry.

Wrapt in a black domino, he walked slowly on; envy, mortification, and premeditated

premidated guilt, gloomed his features, which he had not as yet concealed beneath a maſk. As his eyes were fixed upon the ground, the ſable plumes fell over the brilliants which faſtened them to his hat; and their immenſe ſhadows waving awfully on the path, preceded the ſolemn ſteps of the ſad Lorenzo, whoſe dark and ſtormy ſoul was not to be enlivened or ſoothed by the bright and ſerene beauty of the night.

The full moon's unclouded radiance ſparkled on the foam of a majeſtic caſcade, whoſe fall alone interrupted the ſilence which reigned around, and gave the dew that hung upon the flowers, the luſtrous appearance of gems, while the refreſhing breezes were impregnated with the moſt fragrant odours.

Neither

Neither heaven nor earth attracted the notice of Di Rozezzi, till the clock of a neighbouring convent struck two; then, starting from his gloomy reverie, he found he had taken a wrong path; and, turning hastily into another walk, beheld, with astonishment, a figure in a light flowing robe, gliding towards him.

Guilty thoughts create fear. He stopped,—trembled,—and perceiving it was Duvalvin, trembled still more:—grasping his dagger, he drew it from his bosom, and exclaimed, falteringly:

"Why not now!"

A faint echo bore the words, though not spoken above a whisper, to Duvalvin's ears, who was amazed, in his turn,

to

to see Lorenzo in such a sable garb, with a dagger glistening in his right hand, and a mask hanging from his left.

The fearless Frederic, not imagining his guilty hand was raised to plunge the dagger in the bosom of his friend, said affectionately to Lorenzo, who appeared immoveable:

"What is the matter with you, Lorenzo? you look petrified with horror. Why is your dagger unsheathed? Speak to me, Lorenzo.—Cousin."

"Cousin! Hell and furies! my arm wants strength; I cannot do it *here*. Here, where we have so often played together. I cannot stain the flowers we have planted, with his blood. O God! O God!"

"But

"But that I ſee your maſk, my dear Lorenzo, ſuch a ſpeech of horror would alaim me. What character are you ſtudying for Caſſino's maſquerade? you look too elegant for an aſſaſſin."

"Ah! an aſſaſſin! no, no."

"You ſeem diſordered;—you have been ſad all day. Believe me, Di Rozezzi, that, notwithſtanding you have behaved to me of late with uncommon reſerve, my friendſhip for *you* is not abated. Have we not grown up together from our earlieſt infancy? Never let us ceaſe to be friends. Lorenzo, place a confidence in me."

"In *you!*"

"Do you ſuſpect me of inſincerity, Di Rozezzi?"

"No.—

"No.—Hark! do you not hear muſic?"

"It is the muſic in Caſſino's garden; thoſe lively ſtrains invite you to join the gay throng, and will, I hope, diſſipate your melancholy. You will ſee the Marcheſa del Urbino there."

"And why are *you* not there? But the ruſtic cot is more convenient than theſe public ſcenes.—Perfect bliſs is only to be found in calm retirement."

"I do not underſtand you: explain yourſelf."

"No matter; I have been wrong. I ſpoke ſeriouſly, when I meant only to joke. Think no more of what I ſaid."

"I will

"I will not detain you *now* to aſk an explanation, but when we meet to-morrow, I ſhall expect one in regard to the cottage and the retirement you talked of. Take care, Lorenzo, that you are not led aſtray by falſe inſinuations. I mind not *myſelf*, but the pureſt virtue may be injured by the miſrepreſentations of thoſe addicted to calumniate every one of whom they ſpeak; therefore, be too noble-minded *yourſelf* to credit idle reports. Good morning; I wiſh you a few pleaſant hours. Why is your dagger ſtill unſheathed? the dew will ruſt it. Sheath it, Lorenzo."

"Sheath it! where?"

"Again you look wild, and talk incoherently; dear Lorenzo, be *yourſelf;* do

do not go to Caſſino's thus diſordered; go to bed, ſleep will recover you."

"I cannot *ſleep*; I muſt be *amuſed*.—There, my dagger is once more ſheathed; ſo ſhall my features be. Tie my maſk, for me, Frederic. I thank you. And now for mirth and revelry. What called you up ſo early; or have you not been in bed?"

"I went to bed with a ſlight pain in my head,—it grew worſe,—I was hot and uneaſy,—I aroſe, and throwing my gown about me, I came into the garden for a little air."

"I ſaw your ſhadow, and drew my dagger to be upon my guard, thinking that a robber might have concealed himſelf

ſelf among the buſhes, and who had then ſtarted out to commit depredations. The road is full of ſervants, and Caſſino's garden door open;—another minute, and I ſhall be loſt in the brilliant crowd."

Duvalvin ſaw him enter;—he heard the gay laugh, and the ſprightly ſtrains, without one wiſh to ſhare the merriment. Di Rozezzi's ſtrange behaviour ſurprized him greatly; he had never ſeen him in ſuch a humour:—the drawn dagger, he feared, was lifted by Lorenzo to ſtrike his own breaſt; for the unſuſpicious Frederic had not the leaſt idea, that he *himſelf* was deſtined to be the victim of revenge and jealouſy. He imagined his couſin had played high, and that his loſſes made him deſperate, being greater than he choſe to declare, as the

Conte

Conte was very ſevere againſt too deep play; he hoped, therefore, that Lorenzo might be ſucceſsful at Caſſino's, and win enough to extricate himſelf from any embarraſſment of that nature.

Lorenzo was very reſerved in all his affairs.—Lucentio knew the moſt concerning them, but no more than he could find out by the meſſages he carried.—His maſter would hear him talk ſcandal for an hour, but never condeſcended to ſpeak to him, except as a ſervant; and indeed Lucentio was too vain to have much encouragement given to him; they who did not keep him at a diſtance, were forced to put up with a great deal of impertinent freedom. Such a fellow was not to be truſted by Di Rozezzi, who was ſenſible and pene-

trating, proud and ſuſpicious; and had his reſerve been confined to his ſervants *only*, it might have been deemed prudent; but to his relations and moſt intimate friends, he was equally myſterious:—he threw an impenetrable veil over his heart, and excluded the comfort of conſolation, and the benefit of advice: by this miſanthropic conduct he nouriſhed the moſt ſelfiſh paſſions, while the liberal ſentiments of honor and virtue had decayed gradually in the boſom of the unhappy Lorenzo.

Often did the open generous Duvalvin endeavour, by the gentleſt and moſt affectionate means, to ſoften the obduracy of his couſin's diſpoſition, but all his endeavours were in vain; and he had the vexation to ſee the companion

of

of his infancy every day grow more and more cold and unfriendly towards him; though the perfect diſſimulation Di Rozezzi was maſter of, concealed that indifference, or rather hatred, from every one but Duvalvin and the Marcheſa del Urbino. Duvalvin felt the fraternal affection, which he had been taught to cheriſh from his earlieſt remembrance, ſtill glow in his breaſt with ardent ſincerity, and he could not be impoſed upon by the falſe appearance of it in the artful Lorenzo, whom he loved too well, not to wiſh anxiouſly that it were *real*.

To the Marcheſa Lorenzo betrayed *himſelf*, as his *love* for her was ungovernable, *ſo* were his *expreſſions*; and while he declared the violence of his paſſion,

he continually discovered his jealousy of Duvalvin, which she, and *she alone*, had power to soften, until her partiality for Enrico confessed openly, in his idea, the preference which she gave to the envied Frederic; to *that* he imputed the dignified repulses his passion continually received from her, and vengeance took possession of his heart.—Nor were the circumstances which followed, in the least calculated to restore his irritated mind to reason and tranquillity, they rather urged it to madness, scarcely to be controled. Such was the state of Lorenzo when he beheld his *supposed successful* rival in the garden; to sacrifice him on the spot was his *first* impulse, which was *slightly* checked by a momentary tenderness, but more *effectually* by the fear of being defeated and exposed;

poſed; he therefore endeavoured to aſſume his uſual diſſimulation, without totally relinquiſhing his revengeful deſign; for the ſelfiſh, ungenerous Lorenzo ſtill hoped to find a *ſafe* opportunity of removing the unſuſpicious Frederic, who he regarded as the *ſole obſtacle* to his happineſs.

CHAP. III.

The Sylphs.

ALTHOUGH Lorenzo di Rozezzi imagined that he hated the Marchesa del Urbino for slighting his love, yet he searched for only her amidst the motley crowd which he found assembled at the Count Caffino's.

After critically observing every female whom he met in the brilliantly illuminated gardens and splendid ball room, he was extremely disappointed at not being able to discover the elegant form of

of the Marchesa, and he wandered about vexed and mortified.

At length in one of the card rooms he was more successful; there he beheld the adored object of his search at one of the tables unmasked; so was the party with whom she played;—he pulled off his mask, and leaned upon the back of her chair, until he perceived her dress was that of a *cottager*; a deep involuntary sigh burst from his bosom, and unable to endure the agonizing reflections which her humble disguise occasioned, he hastily quitted the apartment.

The Marchesa, who heard the sigh and noticed his abrupt departure, was concerned to find that he still continued in a sullen humour, and studied how it

were poſſible for her to diſpel it without encouraging his preſumptuous hopes.—A lady who ſat oppoſite to her, remarked that Signor Di Rozezzi's behaviour was very ſtrange; ſhe believed he was practiſing the character of a maniac, and would moſt likely ſoon appear in the diſordered habiliments of one; the Marcheſa did not contradict the ſurmiſe, although ſhe was of a different opinion. When the game was finiſhed ſhe looked for him with a deſign to ſooth his troubled mind; and while ſhe curbed illicit paſſion and baniſhed cauſeleſs jealouſy, inſpire his ſoul with generous and honorable principles.—Such were her amiable intentions, but they were fruſtrated, for before they met he had rendered himſelf incapable of attending to reaſon.

She

She saw him coming towards her with a disordered air, flushed countenance, and his large black eyes rolling with wild fury;—alarmed at his appearance, she turned back in order to avoid him,—he caught hold of her clothes, and said:—

"Cruel, *cruel* woman! why am I, *I only* to be scorned? Do I deserve such contemptuous treatment? You have driven me mad—*mad*! Del Urbino—"

"For Heaven's sake be calm, Lorenzo!—consider where we are,—put on your mask."

"For what! is my face so disgusting?"

"Only when it is distorted by furious passions;—let me go,—this rudeness offends me.—You forget *yourself*, Di Rozezzi."

"I wish I could,—but 'tis impossible! too, *too* well I remember who I am, and that *you* hate *me*. Oh! in pity make me forget it! Lull my distracted soul into a sweet oblivion."

He threw his arm around her, and hurried her into the garden; the party with which she came to the masquerade, she had left at cards with the Conte Cassino: the company was dispersed in distant groupes;—she struggled to free herself from the frantic Lorenzo, without exposing either herself or him, whom she found was greatly intoxicated, and in a

dispo-

diſpoſition to quarrel with any one who migh tinterfere .

The walk he had choſen was gloomy and retired. The freedom of his diſcourſe alarmed her; yet ſhe imputed that freedom to the ſtate he was in, for he cunningly evaded mentioning Duvalvin and the cottage, and only ſolicited her love in the moſt ardent manner his paſſion could ſuggeſt. In vain did the amiable Marcheſa endeavor to reaſon with him; he treated every virtuous ſentiment with a ſmile of contempt, and believing the miſconſtructions of Lucentio, deſpiſed what he *thought* the *affected* chaſtity of Del Urbino. Urged to deſperation by this fatal error, he had the temerity to ſnatch kiſſes from her lips and neck, a liberty the Marcheſa

reſented in the moſt ſerious manner, exerting all her ſtrength to diſengage herſelf from him, and now was determined, let the conſequence be what it would, to call for aſſiſtance, when the ſound of ſoft muſic was heard behind the trees, and in a moment an aerial train of white-robed Sylphs appeared in the walk, and ſeemed the guardian angels of the Marcheſa del Urbino, who bleſt them as they approached, while Di Rozezzi muttered execrations on them for having interrupted his happineſs, and wiſhed to retire from a ſcene that but ill accorded with his ſombrous mind; yet he could not leave the Marcheſa, who, as her fears were over, beheld them with delight, as ſhe determined to join the gay crowd which followed them, and return immediately to her party.

The

The ſylphs appeared perfectly celeſtial; their tranſparent drapery was confined by ſtarry zones, their curling hair with circlets of the ſame, and the delicate plumage of their wings was lightly tinged with ſilver, and had a brilliant and beautiful effect.

There were ſix ſylphs nearly of the ſame height, and moſt gracefully formed; they danced elegantly to a new and lively meaſure; the muſic that accompanied them was concealed behind the verdant foliage of an adjacent walk. After dancing for ſome time, they ſung the following words:

The

The Sylph's Song.

SYLPH.

WHEN I hail the riſing day,
In a crimſon cloud I play
Strains that teach the feather'd throng
How to harmonize their ſong.
Then deſcending like a breeze,
Gently ſweep the bloſſom'd trees,
Gath'ring on my ſilver wing,
Odours from the balmy ſpring.

CHORUS.

Spirits we of pureſt air:
Virtue triumph! Guilt deſpair.

SYLPH.

Stedfaſtly my eyes can gaze
On the noon tide's ſplendid blaze;
Yet embower'd, I repoſe
Oft within a damaſk roſe:

Me

Me like zephyrs ſhe receives!
Folds me in her bluſhing leaves;
I more fragrant ſweets beſtow,
Give her charms a brighter glow.

CHORUS.

Though on clouds, or flow'rs reclin'd,
We can view the *human mind.*

SYLPH.

When fair Cynthia decks the ſky,
On her radiant beams I fly;
Or a ſwiftly gliding ſtar,
Is my bright triumphal car;
Then I dance, and not unſeen,
Lightly on the dewy green.
Bend no flow'ret's feeble ſtem,
Shake not from the leaves a gem.

CHORUS.

Yet o'er mortals while they ſleep,
We our watchful vigils keep.

When

When the ſong was ended, the Marcheſa ſuddenly diſengaging herſelf from Di Rozezzi's arm, ran to the ſylph, and ſaid:

"Guardians of virtue! protect an innocent cottager from a nobleman, who has artfully drawn me from my friends: reſtore me to them once more, beneficent ſylphs.—I *entreat* your *protection.*"

The diſappointed Lorenzo flew after the Marcheſa, conjuring her not to leave him: the ſylphs kept him off, and one of them ſaid:

"Signor Di Rozezzi, do not purſue a cottager who has put herſelf under our protection. *You* are without a maſk, therefore I will not addreſs you in

in a feigned character. You know who I am."

"The Prince. Your highneſs will I hope intercede with the lady to pardon me, if I have offended her;—it was but an innocent frolic—Surely ſhe could not be ſeriouſly alarmed. Whoever ſhe may be, I flatter myſelf that ſhe will not deny her forgiveneſs to a poor penitent."

"Did you not know me, Di Rozezzi, in this humble habit?"

"The Marcheſa del Urbino!—is it poſſible!—this was a miſtake indeed! Forgive my folly,—I took you for another lady: ſuch errors are pardonable at a maſquerade.—Why did you not unmaſk?"

"I

"I ſhould have done ſo, if theſe good ſpirits had not appeared as they did," replied the Marcheſa, aſtoniſhed, yet pleaſed, at Lorenzo's pretended ſurpriſe: there was a quickneſs and delicacy in his conduct that delighted her, and ſhe determined to *appear* deceived by it, and gave him her hand in token of her forgiveneſs, as ſhe knew and dreaded the violence of his temper, particularly now that he were a little elevated. He humbly kiſſed her hand, and requeſted permiſſion to conduct her to the card room.

The Marcheſa heſitated;—ſhe did not chooſe to expoſe herſelf again to a private converſation, yet wiſhed to ſoften her refuſal:—he ſtill held her hand, anxiouſly waiting for her conſent, for

for *now*, left he ſhould have forfeited her favor for ever, by his indiſcretion, he was deſirous of excuſing himſelf, if poſſible, before they parted, to herſelf alone.

The Prince ſaw that he was vexed at having offended her, and ſaid:

"I pity you, Signor Di Rozezzi; you have innocently given offence to an amiable lady, and wiſh to make conceſſions for the error; witneſſes are diſagreeable in ſuch a caſe, yet here is *one* in our party to whoſe preſence you can have no objection;—we will leave him to be an interceſſor for you. Your boſom friend—your kinſman—can be no reſtraint upon your converſe. Signor Duvalvin, when by your eloquence you have

have reinſtated your couſin in the favor of the Marcheſa del Urbino, I expect that you will join us again."

"Frederic! what ſecrecy is this?—Why did you not tell me you were coming to the maſquerade?"

"He did not know it himſelf. The moment you left him I paſſed the garden door, and ſeeing Signor Duvalvin ſtanding at it, I told him the ſudden indiſpoſition of one of my friends had ſpoiled our ſet, and intreated him to complete it. I had the dreſs in my carriage, intending to perſuade ſome one at Caſſino's to put it on. I was happy to ſee your couſin ſo opportunely,—prevailed on him to wear it, and waited until he was ready in your uncle's

beautiful

beautiful garden; therefore do not accuſe him of *reſerve*, Signor Di Rozezzi. Charming Marcheſa, be not deaf to a penitent mortal, and an interceding ſylph. Farewell, may peace and harmony dwell in your boſoms."

The Prince left Duvalvin with the Marcheſa and Di Rozezzi, and re-commencing the ſong, turned down another walk, accompanied by his four ſylphs and the inviſible band, and they were followed by the crowd which had aſſembled around them.

Lorenzo darting a furious look at Duvalvin, ſaid:

"I ſcorn *your* interceſſion and *Del Urbino's* forgiveneſs, who diſdaining me has

has thrown herſelf on your protection. This was a concerted ſcheme,—I know it was."

"Lorenzo, to-morrow you will be yourſelf I hope, till when I cannot talk to you.—The Prince condeſcended to explain the unexpected appearance of your couſin; *that* ought to ſatisfy you; but Signor Dî Rozezzi, do you not know that the very ſoul of a maſquerade is to deceive and ſurpriſe people? then if it *were* a pre-concerted ſcheme, why ſhould you be *diſ*-pleaſed? He may ſurely have his *innocent frolics* as well as you."

"Innocent! Damnation! The ruſtic cot,—this peaſant dreſs,—your morning meetings,—your midnight aſſignations,

—are

—are all *innocent* no doubt. Frederic, by Heaven! you ſhall not triumph long. Del Urbino you have driven me to deſperation. I *will*,—*yes*—O my head! my head!—Forgive me, I am not well. —I talk, I do not know what,—I have been drinking.—Frederic, you are a ſober fellow, yet you are not free from errors."

"Indeed I am *not*, my dear Lorenzo; I have many, *many* faults. You are ſeldom guilty of an exceſs;—it ſurpriſes me to ſee you in this ſtate. Come, take hold of my arm; when we have conducted the Marcheſa to her company, we will go home, and I hope a few hours repoſe will recover you."

"Repoſe!—No, no, no.—*Dear* Marcheſa,

cheſa, do not be afraid to truſt your arm in mine.—Caſt me not away."

"Come then, I will take an arm of each, and as we go back to the rooms we will ſtrive to find out realities under their fictious habits, and puzzle them to diſcover us. Put on your maſk, Di Rozezzi, and let us amuſe ourſelves.

When Duvalvin ſaid Di Rozezzi was ſeldom guilty of an exceſs, he was right. It might be reckoned rather a matter of wonder to ſee him intoxicated, but he had been drinking the moſt potent wine in goblets, on purpoſe to make him forget the Marcheſa, inſtead of which it only inflamed his paſſion; and ſuppoſing that ſhe had granted favors to Duvalvin, he was no longer checked by reſpect.

reſpect. The very unexpected appearance of his favored rival threw him off his guard, but he ſoon recovered himſelf, and behaved with ſo much eaſe and cheerfulneſs, that he baniſhed all ſuſpicion from the minds of the Marcheſa and Duvalvin, who really imputed his ſtrange conduct and incoherent expreſſions to the potency of Caſſino's wine, which he often curſed. The couſins returned home ſoon after the ſun had riſen, and returned to their reſpective chambers, apparently in perfect friendſhip with each other.

Duvalvin, though ſtill vexed at the fickle conduct of L'Abandoni, had no ſelf accuſations or evil intentions to diſturb his ſlumbers; *he* ſlept in peace, while Di Rozezzi baniſhed calm repoſe

from his pillow, by indulging the blackeſt thoughts, and planning the moſt certain means of gratifying a revengeful mind.

CHAP. IV.

A Surmiſe.

AS Duvalvin was dreſſing to attend the Marcheſa's concert, to which ſhe had invited him and Di Rozezzi, Lucentio brought him a note from Signora l'Abandoni; it was unſealed, and contained theſe words:

" I have laid a little plan for the advantage of my pooreſt tenants, which I wiſh to put into execution to-morrow morning, but want Signor Duvalvin's advice, therefore beg he will favor me

with a few minutes' converſation this evening, after he leaves the Palazza del Urbino, where I hear he is engaged to a concert; after that is over he will be expected by

C. L'ABANDONI."

"The Signora hopes that you will not diſappoint her.—Ah! Signor, I believe ſhe never loved any man ſo well as ſhe does you; Lauretta tells me ſhe can talk of no one elſe, though ſhe has ſeveral great lovers at this very time:—Heaven ſend that you may eſcape their vengeance! I am going there again this evening, and will be the bearer of your anſwer, Signor, if you pleaſe."

"I thank you, Lucentio: I will write directly."

Duvalvin

Duvalvin gave the following conciſe billet to Lucentio:

"F. Duvalvin will certainly wait on Signora l'Abandoni this evening, and aſſiſt her with pleaſure in the laudable plan ſhe mentions, as he would not be the means of delaying for a moment any thing that may be of ſervice to the diſtreſſed."

"Ah! Signor, how will this note be kiſſed by the moſt beautiful lips in the world!"

"How is my Couſin, Lucentio? is his head better?"

"Not much, I fear;—he has been very dull and ſilent all day, but he means

go with you, Signor, to the Palazza del Urbino :—I know, becauſe he told me what clothes he ſhould wear; he is with the Conteſſa now. Poor lady! I believe ſhe would break her heart if any thing were to happen to my maſter, ſhe loves him as well as if he were her own ſon; *you*, Signor, are the *Conte's* favourite."

"No, Lucentio, my Couſin is the beloved of them both; his manners are more agreeable to them than mine: however, I have no reaſon to complain; my Uncle, though he is partial to your maſter, makes no difference between us, he acts generouſly by us both."

"Pray Signor, was your father an Engliſhman?"

"Why

"Why do you aſk that queſtion?"

"Becauſe there have been ſuch great pains taken to teach you, Signor, and my maſter, Engliſh, juſt as if you were both to live in that kingdom;—what ſignifies your ſpeaking that language as well as a native, if you are to reſide conſtantly in Italy? It is ſtrange that you *both* ſhould be left orphans ſo very young to the Conte's care, and ſo little mention be made of your parents! It makes people ſay very free things, Signor, of you both.—I will tell you what is generally thought, and ſaid indeed *without* ſcruple.—May I, Signor?—And will you pardon me?"

"Certainly.—*You* are not acountable for either the thoughts or ſayings of

other people.—You may ſpeak freely."

"Then Signor, the general opinion is, that both yourſelf and my maſter are the ſons of———"

"Whom!—whom, Lucentio?—Why do you pauſe?"

"Of——of the Conte Pliantini himſelf.—But that he chuſes to make you paſs for his nephews, as he cannot give either of you a legal title to his honors or eſtates, for *certain* reaſons."

"Have *you*, Marco, ever heard this ſurmiſe?"

"Frequently, Signor; but delicacy prevented me from mentioning it to you."

"*You*

"*You* ought to have been as delicate, Lucentio. Hear me, and from *my* lips contradict the infamous report.—No myſtery has ever hung over our birth: our mothers were the ſiſters of Conte Pliantini. Di Rozezzi's married a Neapolitan officer of good family;—mine married his moſt intimate friend, an officer in the ſame corps, who, the Conte tells me, was alſo a Neapolitan, but of French extraction. Theſe unfortunate friends were ſlain in the ſame battle ſoon after Lorenzo and I were born; and our mothers did not long ſurvive them: at their deceaſe my uncle took charge of us both, and has repeatedly told us this ſhort but melancholy hiſtory of our parents.—Who *dares* to contradict it?—With my ſword I will anſwer any one with whom it be not a diſgrace to fight,

who even but *hints* that he ſuſpects the truth of it.—I will defend my uncle's, Di Rozezzi's, my *own*, and above all our mothers' honor, from ſuch baſe aſperſions. And if the ſervants of this houſe preſume to propagate ſo vile a falſehood, the Conte ſhall be informed of it, and *they* diſcharged. As for you, Lucentio, whoſe curioſity perhaps may not be ſatisfied by what *I* have now told you, go to the Conte Pliantini, and deſire him to place a greater confidence in *you* than he has ever done in either *your maſter* or *myſelf*, if *we* are *his ſons;* but *that*, unleſs he tells you ſo *himſelf*, from henceforward never believe."

"I am very ſorry to ſee you ſo angry, Signor; I have mentioned only the opinion of *other people*, not *my own;*—do not blame

blame *me*; if it is a falfity *I* did not invent it."

"Go, Lucentio, and repeat to Signor Di Rozezzi what you have faid to me—fee how *he* will bear to hear his mother traduced.——You *dare* not do it;—you know his difpofition too well. Remember then in future that you never utter in his *abfence* what you dread almoft to *think* of in his prefence. Leave me; for *this once* you are fafe;—I will not betray you;—be *careful* for the *future*."

Lucentio fullenly quitted the room; he was too ignorant to be fenfible of his fault. He thought it could not poffibly be an affront to fuppofe that his maft er and Signor Duvalvin were the *fons* of a *Conte*, legitimate or illegitimate. The

proud reſerve of Di Rozezzi's manners checked him whenever he wiſhed to aſk any queſtions of ſuch a nature, while the mild affability of Duvalvin encouraged him; and he felt himſelf very much mortified by the unexpected ſeverity he met with, as it was not in his power to make any allowance for the reſentment of injured honor.

Duvalvin, though he was far from believing the report, could not help being vexed that ſuch a ſtigma ſhould be fixed on his birth; his memory afforded him no proofs which might contradict it.—He had never ſeen his nurſe ſince he was taken from her; and the Conte had changed his ſervants from the upper to the lower many times in the courſe of Duvalvin's reſidence in his houſe; therefore

fore he was obliged to remain unſatisfied on a point he was anxiouſly eager to have proved beyond a doubt, both to himſelf and the world. Marco, who ſaw him look thoughtful and uneaſy, ſaid:

"My dear maſter, what ſignifies the idle talk of ignorant ſervants; no one minds them. There are too many who, like Lucentio, can invent a ſcandalous tale, with which they ſtrive to amuſe their hearers;—they mean not to do harm. As to Lucentio, I know that he thought he paid you a compliment."

"A *compliment!*"

"Yes, Signor; and no doubt expected a *reward* for placing you ſo *near* the Conte. That ſimple fellow has no ſenſe of

of virtue, conſequently he had not the leaſt idea of injuring the honor of your mother, or of offending you."

"I ſhall ſpeak to Di Rozezzi;—his honor is as much concerned as mine in this injurious ſurmiſe. My uncle too ought to know what his ſervants ſay, yet how can I mention it to him! The circulation of ſo baſe a falſehood ought to be ſtopped *effectually*. My honeſt Marco, how would *you* feel in ſuch a caſe? I have heard you ſay that your father was a ſoldier, who died, as I am told mine did, in the defence of his country; that your mother was a virtuous woman.—Would you not be ſhocked were you to be told that thoſe reſpectable people, whoſe memory you had cheriſhed with filial reverence and affection, were not

your

your parents, but that you were the baſtard of a nobleman, who bluſhed to acknowledge you for his *ſon*, yet would maintain you like a gentleman? Would you not rather be my ſervant than be raiſed to affluence by ſuch means?"

"Certainly I would, were it in my *choice*; but *you*, Signor, never knew your parents:—the Conte has been a father to you in every thing except the name; you love and honor him as if he were in reality your parent."

"I *did;*—and *will*, if he be indeed my *uncle:*—if not, I cannot, Marco; why did he make me a wretch that he is aſhamed to own! If my exiſtence be diſhonorable, can I reſpect the author of it? *Never!*——If my mother was in-

nocent

nocent until he ſeduced her, for *her* ſake I ought to hate him. If ſhe was an abandoned woman, ought I not alſo to hate him for giving me *ſuch* a *mother ?*"

"My dear maſter, think no more of this fooliſh report, no one will believe it; it is not worth mentioning to either the Conte or to Signor Di Rozezzi. If *you* ſhould make a ſerious affair of it, ſo perhaps may the Conteſſa, and I am ſure you would not wiſh to cauſe any uneaſineſs between your uncle and aunt."

"Not for the univerſe would I do *that*."

"Then endeavor to conceal your uneaſineſs, Signor. Should you appear reſerved and cold to the Conte, your behaviour

behaviour will be obſerved by the Conteſſa and Signor Di Rozezzi, who will not fail to make ill natured remarks upon it; for indeed, my maſter, you are too ſincere for them both."

"No matter, my good Marco; I would not change my ſincerity for Lorenzo's diſſimulation. I cannot flatter folly, and ſooth affectation, as he does my aunt's;—he is welcome to the favor which he purchaſes at the expenſe of his underſtanding. Yet as I ſhould be ſorry to awaken any ſuſpicion in the Conteſſa's breaſt againſt my uncle, I will endeavour to conceal my vexation; but do you, Marco, find out, if poſſible, among the ſervants the origin of this diſagreeable ſurmiſe, and relieve me from theſe perplexing doubts. It grows late;

I am going to the Palazza del Urbino, and wish to see our little Enrico before the concert begins. I will not mention to Lorenzo what I have heard from Lucentio until we know farther."

CHAP. V.

The Aſſaſſin.

ENRICO ran with joy to welcome his beloved patron to the Palazza del Urbino, and led him to his apartment, where the Marchefa was giving directions for arranging the paintings of Paulina to the beſt advantage. They were all now elegantly framed, particularly her portrait, for which Enrico would have choſen a frame of brilliants if he could have paid for them.—The Marchefa ſaid:

"I

"I am assisting Enrico to adorn his apartment.—*Here* Paulina Vinoni is to receive her lessons, and we must let her see the value we set on her pretty works; to-morrow she pays us the first visit;—we have been preparing for her reception. From these windows may be taken some fine views, which she shall sketch and finish after the instructions of an eminent master. What an amusement will it be to me to observe the rapid progress of the two cousins. I have thought myself unfortunate in the loss of my eldest children; their instruction would have been a pleasing task.—Paulina and Enrico shall supply their place; and if my little ones be spared to me, I shall have a succession of sweet flowers to rear."

"If

"If you make the girls like yourſelf, and the boys like the Marcheſe del Urbino, you will rear them to perfection."

"What! Duvalvin a flatterer! I cannot make my own children exceed *ſome* whom we have ſeen in an inferior ſituation. I ſhall only emulate the good example others have ſet me, and I hope my children will not prove dunces and diſgrace me. There is Enrico's *chamber:—this* is to receive his viſitors and maſters:—his hours of ſtudy ſhall be fixed, and the former never be permitted to interrupt the latter; ſo we ſhall proceed with regularity and calmneſs. You, Frederic, and your couſin Lorenzo, who are both ſo accompliſhed, muſt be preſidents of my little academy. Will

Lorenzo

Lorenzo come this evening?—How is he after his excefs?"

"He ſtill complains of his head, and is aſhamed of his conduct. I cannot imagine what is the matter with him;—he ſeems unhappy;—his behaviour has been very ſtrange of late."

"He is a ſelf tormentor I believe, and lets fancied evils prey upon his mind, which appears to be naturally gloomy."

"Whatever his griefs may be, he will not repoſe them on the boſom of a friend;—he is too reſerved."

"If he be not ſatisfied with his own thoughts, he cannot well communicate them

them to another.—Di Rozezzi is too proud to accept advice, or to bear expoſtulation; he is only to be guided by his own will, over which, reaſon I fear has very little controul."

"Though the impetuoſity of Lorenzo's temper may ſometimes hurry him into errors, yet his good ſenſe and true idea of honor will not let him continue in them. It it true he will not confeſs his faults, except to thoſe whom the church appoints to hear and abſolve him for them: yet moſt ſenſibly he *feels*, and ſincerely repents them.—How often have I ſeen with pity the pangs of ſelf conviction diſtort his fine features, and gloom his youthful brow, while inexorable to the tender ſolicitations of friendſhip, he has preſerved the moſt rigid taciturnity,

taciturnity, or assuming a gaiety to which his heart was a stranger, endeavor to elude the penetration of his most intimate and dearest friend. Were it possible for Lorenzo Di Rozezzi to be guilty of vice, believe me he would deserve *pity* more than *condemnation*, for the rack could not torture his body half so much as remorse would his mind."

"May heaven preserve him from the stings of remorse! I hope he will never plant them in his heart."

"He is not likely.—Do not let the trifling error he was guilty of last night make you think too severely of him.—Something afflicts him—do not add to his uneasiness by giving him a cold reception. Oh! amiable Marchesa! rather

ther exert your influence, and enliven his oppreſſed heart."

"Generous, affectionate Frederic! I *will*.—His carriage I ſee is juſt entering the gate.—Enrico and I will go down to receive him. Do you look out the muſic you aſked me to lend you, and then join us in the garden.—Come, my dear boy."

Lorenzo made a graceful apology for his behaviour the preceding night, and the Marcheſa ſeeing him look pale and dejected, imputing all that had paſſed to his not being perfectly himſelf, cheerfully forgave him, and taking his arm with her uſual eaſy familiarity, told him that ſhe was going to take a little freſh

air in the garden, before ſhe was confined in a crowd.

It was ſome time before Duvalvin met them;—and Di Rozezzi imagined he was juſt come, therefore he had no additional cauſe for jealouſy.

When the concert commenced, Lorenzo ſtill complaining of indiſpoſition, excuſed himſelf from ſinging or playing that evening, and retired before it was concluded. He told Duvalvin that he would walk, as he thought the freſhneſs of the evening air might be of ſervice to him:—Frederic offered to accompany him, but Lorenzo peremptorily refuſed, as there was not any perſon preſent who could play the baſs ſo well as Duvalvin, who was prevailed on to ſtay till the concert

concert ended. He then ſet out immedirtely on foot for Signora l'Abandoni's.

The night was gloomy—the moon faintly gleamed through the dark clouds;—Duvalvin feared a ſtorm would overtake him before he arrived at l'Abandoni's. The way he was obliged to take was unfrequented after duſk, as the ruins of a convent, which ſtood near the foot-path, filled the ſuperſtitious mind with dread:—Duvalvin beheld its ſacred remains with reverential awe. The long graſs, intermixed with flaunting weeds, almoſt concealed the marble flabs that covered the mouldering forms, whoſe names were ſtill viſible to thoſe who explored the ſilent repoſitory for the dead; and many a verdant turf embroidered with flowers aroſe conſpicuous to the eye over the

humble clay which repoſed beneath them. Duvalvin had a contemplative mind—he could never paſs this deſerted ſpot without examining its ivy bound fragments:—his eyes were now fixed on the chapel, and cemetery adjoining to it, and as he viewed them, ſaid to himſelf:

"Theſe humble hillocks, left to the care of nature, are every year adorned with freſh verdure, and beautiful, though ſimple flowerets, while the marble is concealed and its inſcriptions effaced.—The pompous monuments that with ſculptured devices decorated the chapel walls, and proclaimed the titled duſt they were meant to commemorate, are fallen into an undiſtinguiſhed heap of mouldering rubbiſh. How tranſitory is the

the triumph of the rich and great!—They leave their ſepulchral honors to the care of art, whoſe moſt ſkilful workmanſhip is no ſooner finiſhed than it begins to decay;—every year *robs* it of a beauty, while *every year* nature *renews* hers;—thus the turf which ariſes over the children of poverty retains its priſtine charms, when the ſplendid mauſoleum is crumbled into duſt; and theſe earthly diſtinctions periſh as the bodies corrupt, until the humble grave of the poor is beheld with pleaſure—the proud one of the rich with diſguſt ——Oh! death!——"

"He comes!—"

Said a hollow voice, as a dark ſhadow paſſed ſwiftly over the graves. Duvalvin

was ſtartled—his eye followed the ſhadow till it was loſt in the chapel—and before he could recover from his ſurpriſe, a dagger was plunged into his ſide.—He ſeized the hand that gave the blow, as it was endeavouring to wrench the weapon from the wound.—Duvalvin let go the hand, and catching haſtily hold of the villain's collar, threw him into a moraſs which lay on the other ſide of the path, and with the dagger ſtill fixed in his ſide, turned back towards his home, in order to get the wound, which he imagined was but a ſlight one, dreſſed.—He unbuttoned his waiſtcoat, and found the point had not penetrated very deep into his fleſh, as the muſic he had borrowed of the Marcheſa was between his waiſtcoat and ſhirt, and repelled the force of the blow, though it fixed the weapon in

ſo

ſo faſt, that it could only be removed with the book, into which he put it, and held his handkerchief cloſe over the wound to prevent an effuſion of blood, that might render him unable to reach home.

Marco was not gone to bed, and rejoiced to ſee his maſter returned ſo early, until he obſerved his pale look.—Duvalvin with difficulty reached his own apartment, where, ſinking on a chair, he fainted away;—the diſtreſſed Marco could not leave him to call for aſſiſtance;—he ſaw with horror the blood flow faſt from the ſide of his beloved maſter, yet he had been too much accuſtomed to wounds to loſe his preſence of mind;—he examined Duvalvin's, and found to his great joy, that it was not likely to prove mortal, though loſs of blood had

occaſioned a temporary appearance of death, from which he ſoon had the ſatiſfaction of ſeeing him recover.—Opening his languid eyes, he ſaid:

"Do not be alarmed, my good Marco, the wound is a trifle—I ſhall be better preſently;—but I have walked ſince from the ruins of San Pietro—fatigue and loſs of blood overcame me—I will go to bed."

"And then my dear maſter I will ſend ſomebody for a ſurgeon."

"Not to night.—You ſhall dreſs my wound with the ſalve that you have by you, whoſe virtues you have experienced."

"Aye,

" Aye, my beloved maſter, it has cured many worſe wounds than yours is;—thank heaven! it is not very deep —Can you keep up, Signor, while I go to my cheſt?—I ſhall ſoon be back."

" Yes, yes—I am much better."

Marco dreſſed the wound with great ſkill and tenderneſs, without aſking any queſtion, though he wiſhed to know how it happened. Before Duvalvin lay down, he ſaid:

" Take the dagger out of the muſic book, and bring it to me.——Oh! God! what do I ſee?—Lorenzo's dagger!—Was it from *his* hand I received the blow which was aimed at my heart?—Marco, it *cannot* be:—Yet, *who* could

uſe *his* dagger!——Marco—go—ſee if my couſin be at home."

"Signor Lorenzo was not at home when you came in. Oh! my maſter! are you ſure that it is *his?*"

"*There*—behold his name.

"Now the bell rings, Signor—that muſt be he."

"Run, Marco—obſerve him well.—I threw the man who ſtabbed me into a moraſs;—look at Lorenzo's clothes—go, quickly—tell him I muſt ſpeak with him—but I charge you not to ſay a word about my accident.—I cannot reſt unleſs I ſee him."

CHAP. VI.

Vindication.

WHEN Di Rozezzi entered Duvalvin's chamber, he ſaid;

"How is this Frederic—I thought you were at l'Abandoni's."

"No, Lorenzo.—*You thought*, or rather *wiſhed* me to be a corpſe at the ruins of San Pietro."

"*I* was very near being one at that ſpot to-night. Were *you* attacked

there alſo? But *why* ſhould *I* wiſh or think *you* were murdered there? Explain your very unkind ſpeech, Frederic."

"Let *this dagger* explain it.——Is it not *yours?*"

"It *is*.—I was ſtopped by a fellow who attempted to ſtab me—I drew my dagger—but he caught my arm, and wreſtled with me until we were at the edge of the moraſs; then with a ſudden and powerful turn, he forced the dagger from my graſp, and plunged me into the marſhy ground, from which I with great difficulty extricated myſelf. You know I left the Marcheſa's with an intent to walk, and went that way, thinking you would overtake me:—this is *my* ſtory—

now

now for *yours*, Frederic.—I hope you have not been wounded by *my* dagger, though I am glad you have taken it from the villain."

"I *have* been wounded, Lorenzo, and thought *your weapon* could have been guided to my breaſt *only* by *your hand*; —think what ſuch a ſuſpicion coſt me.— My life was preſerved by ſome ariettas which I was carrying to l'Abandoni's; in thoſe the dagger fixed, and I had time to ſerve the *wretch* as *he* served you."

"But your wound, my Frederic—is it dangerous?—Have you had a ſurgeon?"

"Marco is my ſurgeon.—I am not I think wounded beyond his ſkill to cure.

cure. Your hand, my Lorenzo—now I ſhall ſleep in peace. The *hilt* of this dagger, when I beheld *your name* on it, wounded me far deeper than the *point*—take it, and may it better defend you for the future.—Oh! my couſin—my friend! —companion of my life!—when I thought *this hand* plunged it into my breaſt, I could almoſt have been tempted to end my exiſtence.—For my *own peace* I muſt believe you, Di Rozezzi."

"Can you *doubt* me Frederic!—by heaven! if I thought you did, this weapon ſhould lay my heart open to your view!—*Do* you doubt me, Duvalvin?"

"No, on my honor, Lorenzo, I do *not*.—May mean ſuſpicion never interrupt

rupt the fraternal affection that has grown with our years."

"May it *never*.—Frederic, help me to curſe the wretch who ſtained Lorenzo's dagger with *your* blood."

"No—we will not *curſe* him—let us rather pray that he may *repent* and be bleſſed."

"You ſeem exhauſted—I will leave you to repoſe—good night, my Frederic. —Heaven make me thankful for your ſafety. O God! had you been found murdered with *this* in your breaſt, how ignominiouſly muſt *I* have followed you to the grave.—Oh! horror! horror!— Good night, my couſin—*good night*.— Marco, you will ſit up with your maſter, I ſuppoſe?"

"I

"I ſhall, Signor."

"Come to my chamber early, and let me know how he has reſted."

"I ſhall not fail, Signor.—You have ſtaid too long in your wet clothes—I fear you will take cold."

"No, my good Marco, they are not wet through, I believe."

When Marco had attended Di Rozezzi to his chamber he returned to Duvalvin's, and ſat down by the bed without ſpeaking, watching every motion of his maſter, who was reſtleſs and uneaſy; he ſlept not all the night, and towards morning was very feveriſh.—Marco, greatly alarmed at the incoherent

herent expreſſions which he frequently uttered, called up ſome of the ſervants, and deſired the Conte's valet to inform his Lord that Signor Duvalvin was dangerouſly ill, and ſtood in need of immediate advice. The Conte ſent for his phyſician, and in a few minutes was in his nephew's chamber—and opening the curtains, ſaid—ſeeing him look wildly:

"What is the matter, Frederic—are you ſurpriſed to ſee your uncle?"

"Are you *indeed* my *uncle?*—And was the brave Colonel Duvalvin my father? Tell me *truly*—do not deceive me, for I am dead *now*.—I was killed laſt night at the ruins of San Pietro, with Lorenzo's dagger. See—there is *his* name on the *hilt*, and *my* blood on the *point*;—

point;—yet he is innocent, he ſays.—Well, well—if I be a baſtard, the diſgrace will be *buried* with me.—Let no monument be erected for me, nor poliſhed marble be laid over my grave, for alas! I have *no name* to put on them—I am my father's *ſhame*—he diſowns me—he will not give me *his* name—No matter—it will not be my paſſport to Heaven.——Marco will water my turf with his tears, and gather flowers from it;—ſpare them not—nature ſcatters them with a liberal hand—they will ſpring again in gay profuſion.——Oh! oh! my ſide."

The Conte ſtood in mute aſtoniſhment, without being able to interrupt Duvalvin, whoſe diſturbed fancy wildly wandered over what had made the greateſt

eſt impreſſion on his mind the preceding day.

Marco had not as yet informed the Conte of the accident that cauſed this ſudden and alarming illneſs, but ſtood weeping over his adored maſter in ſpeechleſs agony, for he *now* thought him dying, and ſeverely accuſed himſelf for truſting to his own judgment.

The entrance of Lorenzo ſcarcely rouſed the Conte, who appeared loſt in profound thought, nor did his nephew's particular account of his own and Duvalvin's aſſaſſination fix his attention; he was frequently abſent during the recital; and obliged Lorenzo to repeat his words. When the phyſician arrived he grew more collected, and waited anxiouſly

anxiouſly for his opinion of Duvalvin, who had lain compoſed for ſome time. The phyſician ſaid:

"I underſtand ſurgery, and ſee the wound is very ſlight; it has been carefully and properly dreſſed. The fever is occaſioned only by want of ſleep, and a perturbation of ſpirits. A compoſing medicine or two will relieve Signor Duvalvin in a few hours, if he be kept perfectly tranquil."

A ſhort doze, and the pain cauſed by the doctor's opening his wound, brought Duvalvin to his recollection.—He ſaid faintly:

"I am very ill, my good doctor;—I have had ſtrange dreams—you have awakened

awakened me from them to a ſenſe of pain ;—be ſincere—am I dying?"

"No, thank heaven! nor likely to die ;—but do not talk—reſt is all you ſtand in need of;—in a day or two you will be ſufficiently recovered to take the air. Marco is a good ſurgeon ; I ſhall not call in any other, if he will be as good a nurſe too, and carefully obſerve my directions.—What ſay you, Signor, may I truſt him?"

"Without fear, doctor.—He will obey you punctually. My kind uncle —my dear couſin—I can now ſpeak to you coherently."

"I muſt not allow you to ſpeak ; exertion will injure your returning reaſon, until

until ſleep has reſtored its proper ſtrength and clearneſs, therfore your uncle and couſin will excuſe all ceremony, and alſo the liberty I muſt take in forbidding their kind viſits until you are able to enjoy their converſation; at preſent you are not collected enough. A compoſing medicine will repair the weakneſs a great effuſion of blood has occaſioned—take it the minute it comes, and I will ſee you again in the evening."

The Conte and Di Rozezzi left the chamber with the doctor, who aſſured them Duvalvin was not in the leaſt danger, at which aſſurance they both expreſſed the moſt ſincere pleaſure. When the doctor was gone, the Conte could not help reflecting with ſurpriſe on the doubts Duvalvin ſeemed to have, concerning

cerning his birth, and which he thought muſt have originated in ſomething more than the viſionary fancies of a diſturbed imagination. As Lorenzo was not in the room during Duvalvin's wild ſpeech, the Conte did not mention it to him, but determined to viſit the invalid before the medicine came, and hear if he ſtill dwelt on the ſame ſubject; therefore deſired Lorenzo to inform the Conteſſa of what had happened, and alſo to pay ſome viſits, where he could give a true ſtatement of the affair before it were circulated with many horrid additions.—He returned himſelf to Duvalvin's chamber, and finding him ſtill awake, ordered Marco to leave the room till he called him; then ſitting down by the bed, he ſaid:

"My

"My dear Frederic, do you recollect juſt now throwing out hints concerning your birth?"

"*Did* I, my dear uncle?"

"Yes, Frederic, you ſaid many ſtrange things.—Do you remember them?"

"Too well I remember my thoughts, but know not that I gave utterance to them."

"From what ſource do thoſe degrading thoughts ſpring? Who has traduced my ſiſter?"

"Is ſhe then *traduced!*—was my mother your *ſiſter?* And—Oh! tell me, that I may bleſs her memory and

die

die in peace.—Was ſhe married to my father?"

"She was *my* ſiſter—virtuous and beautiful. Your father was legally and honorably married to her;—he dared not—he *wiſhed* not to have her on any other terms. Then whence ariſes your ſcandalous ſuſpicions, Frederic? How dare you, with undutiful and impious tongue, defame your mother?"

"Spare me, my uncle, this undeſerved ſeverity. The infamous report has been circulated among your ſervants for years it ſeems;—*I* heard it only yeſterday:—this wound is nothing to the pangs it gave me. Defend *my* honor and your *own*, my *uncle*—how I glory in calling you ſo! I had a virtuous

mother—an honorable father.—I am not *diſowned—diſgraced*—I am *not* your *ſhame*—you have not *deceived* me—I *am* your *nephew.*"

He caught his uncle's hand, and rapturouſly preſſed it to his lips.—The Conte ſaid calmly:

"Check theſe raptures, Frederic, they will injure your health; and be aſſure I ſhall take every proper method to ſilence the falſities which have given you ſo much uneaſineſs. Yet, ſhould the world believe the report, you will not find yourſelf the leſs eſteemed by it while *I* give you the credit of paſſing for my nephew, and ſupport you accordingly. You have a more delicate ſenſe of honor than moſt young men. Whatever

ever you hear, never, as you value my favor and protection, take it up seriously, pass it over as a joke:—it is a subject which will not bear investigation. Be satisfied with what I have told you."

"Yet tell me.—Have I any relatives on my father's side alive?"

"None that I know of.—Do I let you miss any?"

"No, my uncle; you have been every thing to me; and your indulging me with this conversation has relieved my mind from a burthen that oppressed it.—I shall *now* either *die* or *live happy*."

"Compose yourself, and do not think of dying—you are not in the least dan-

ger, child—this lowneſs is nothing. I will ſend Marco to you, but do not talk to him, you have already exerted yourſelf too much; yet your eaſe I found demanded that I ſhould immediately vindicate my honor to you, and my poor ſiſter's alſo. *Now* I hope all your doubts are baniſhed *for ever.*"

"They are."

"No more words.—Adieu."

The Conte left Duvalvin comparatively eaſy, yet his prohibition in regard to the idle reports, vexed the high ſouled Frederic; he wiſhed to *puniſh all* who trifled with his mother's fame—not paſs lightly over the inſult. What would not bear inveſtigation?—What error

that

that muſt not be expoſed?—Or what myſtery that could not be developed?—Still he was perplexed; his extreme lowneſs magnified all that was diſagreeable, and obſcured the pleaſing aſſurances his uncle had given him; and gloomy vapours again unſettled his ideas, to the great affliction of Marco, who impatiently counted every minute until the wiſhed-for draught arrived, when the affectionate Marco had very ſoon the felicity of watching his beloved maſter during a long and peaceful ſlumber.

CHAP. VII.

Suſpicion.

IT was ſome days before Duvalvin recovered ſufficiently to ſit up for any length of time, yet as his indiſpoſition was not dangerous, the uſual routine of his aunt's engagements, at home and abroad, was not interrupted; and that lady had found herſelf too much occupied by pleaſure and indolence to pay him one hoſpitable viſit, which did not give him much uneaſineſs. The Conte came but ſeldom, and appeared reſerved and cold. Lorenzo, too, ſcarcely came into his

his apartment, and when he did, he made only a few ſlight enquiries, without ſitting down.

Not *ſo* behaved the Marcheſe del Urbino; he came frequently, and ſat hours by Duvalvin, who felt himſelf ever improved and entertained by the converſation of one, whoſe univerſal knowledge and amiable manners rendered him an intereſting and cheerful companion.

The little Enrico often attended his noble patron in theſe friendly viſits, and helped to amuſe the invalid with his artleſs, yet ſenſible prattle, or to ſooth him with the moſt delightful harmony.

Happy was Di Rozezzi if he called at the Palazza del Urbino when the Mar-

cheſe and Arioni were ſo engaged as the latter was a continual interruption to the diſcourſe with which the enamoured Lorenzo wiſhed to ſoften the enchanting Marcheſa. He had anticipated the report of Duvalvin's accident the morning after it happened, and gave the Marcheſa a very particular account of the double aſſaſſination, and after dwelling with horror on the circumſtance of his own dagger being left in the boſom of his couſin, the Marcheſa fixing her penetrating eyes upon him, ſaid:

"Yes, you muſt feel great horror at the time, undoubtedly."

"The time—the—what time? Oh! yes.—When Frederic ſhewed me the dagger

dagger, I was petrified with horror—I curſed the vile hand."

"You had reaſon—it was a *vile* hand indeed that plunged it into the amiable Duvalvin's breaſt; and could that baſe, that treacherous hand have drawn it forth again, the part *you* acted in the ſcene would have been concealed, Lorenzo."

"The part *I* acted.—Why—why—what did I do? I was attacked firſt by the villain."

"So *you* ſay—by *one* who diſarmed you, and threw you into a ditch; how weak *you* were! when Duvalvin, though wounded, had ſtrength to throw that *mighty* man into the moraſs, after you.—

Which got out firſt, the *brave* Lorenzo or the midnight aſſaſſin? You crept out both together—*equally defiled.* As you think it is neceſſary to tell this ſtory, in order to vindicate yourſelf, I wonder you cannot add another bravo or two.—— When you repeat this tale, for your own ſake ſay there were two or three—*ideal* aſſaſſins can do no hurt, Lorenzo.—I wiſh, *indeed,* for your own ſake, that you could *convince* me a banditti lurk in the ruins of San Pietro."

"I think it is very probable.—The ruins are to be ſearched."

"And do *you* think the man who ſtabbed your couſin Frederic is concealed there at *preſent?* You *know* he is *not*—Di Rozezzi.—Shall I tell you where he is?"

"Hold—

"Hold—cruel Marchesa; you suspect me—by heaven you suspect Lorenzo di Rozezzi of assassinating his cousin!—Inhuman thought!—is it possible!—yes—you *believe* it and *hate* me!"

"No, Lorenzo—I *pity* you;—*your* wounds are deeper than *Duvalvin's*—more deadly too.—Probe them—they may yet be healed."

"You say true—they are deep, yet *may* be *healed*.—Heal them—pour balm into my wounded soul—sooth my distracted senses into peace—for *only you* can do it.——I scorn your pity—it *insults* me—You triumph over my misery—you laugh with Duvalvin at the torments I suffer.—Is it to be borne? Jealousy—despair—love—hatred—prey like vul-

tures on my mind. Oh! ſave me—*ſave me* from *perdition!*"

The agonized Lorenzo threw himſelf on his knees—graſped the Marcheſa's hand, and gazed on her with a deſpairing wildneſs in his looks, which greatly alarmed her;—ſhe was ſorry that ſhe had not concealed her ſuſpicions; and well knowing ſeverity would only render a diſpoſition like Di Rozezzi's more deſperate, ſhe ſoftened the expreſſion of her fine features, and ſaid gently:

"You know, Lorenzo, whether my ſuſpicions be juſt or not—you know alſo that it is your own unguarded expreſſions to myſelf, which have created thoſe ſuſpicions;—recollect what you have ſaid in former converſations;—your cauſeleſs envy—

envy—your revengeful menaces.—Has Duvalvin *an enemy* except Di Rozezzi?"

"Yes—the lovers of L'Abandoni—particularly the Duke of V——. He, old and ugly, dreads a rival young and handſome as Duvalvin. I ſuſpect the Duke."

"*You do?*—But why were *you* attacked?"

"From the reſemblance of our perſons, I imagine the bravo miſtook me for my couſin, till he appeared ſoon after himſelf, and then the fellow thought he would make ſure work with one of us at leaſt;—thank heaven he did not perperate his dreadful purpoſe!"

"Thank

"Thank heaven! he did *not;* for then more than ſuſpicion would have fallen on Di Rozezzi."

"It muſt—O God! it *muſt.*"

"If the idea ſhocks you, my dear Lorenzo, curb, oh! *curb* theſe violent paſſions, leſt it ſhould be *realized.* Think not that I am to be *terrified* into loving you. Is it your place to *demand*—to *threaten?* Fie, Di Rozezzi! Bluſh for ſuch a conduct; and aſk your reaſon, if it be likely to gain a lady's love.—— How often have you tranſgreſſed!—and do you always expect I can forgive you?"

"Oh! ſhould you *not,* I would expire at

at your feet. I can *not* live without your love."

"*Deſerve* it then. Whatever may have been your faults, Lorenzo, they ſhall be buried in oblivion, if henceforth you are humble and penitent; but remember, that I am too penetrating to miſtake the mean cringing of hypocriſy for the noble humiliation of a ſoul truly conſcious of its paſt errors. There is my hand, Di Rozezzi—*deſerve* my love and it *ſhall* be *yours*—but you cannot *deceive* me. My doors are open to you—come as often as you like:—come like a man of ſenſe, and you ſhall be welcome; with ſuch I can converſe agreeably, but from the inſults of a lunatic I ſhall fly to the protection of my huſband."

"I

"I will be calm—be reaſonable—all that you can wiſh. I will copy the gentle manners of Frederic to be agreeable to you;—yet *my* love *muſt* be more ardent than *his*;—I *adore* you."

"A ſenſible man will never adore a mortal; there you go too far, Lorenzo—keep within bounds;—I ſee that you have not recovered from the unpleaſing events of laſt night—perhaps you have not ſlept ſince—go and compoſe yourſelf. The next time we meet you will be more collected.—Farewell. Remember me kindly to your couſin, and take care of yourſelf. That perturbation of mind may occaſion a fever;—I hope to ſee you perfectly recovered tomorrow."

"You

"You permit me to see you to-morrow —and will *you* receive me with kindness? May I hope——"

"For all that can make a reasonable mortal happy. I must now go to arrange the important affairs of the toilet. The Queen has a select party this evening, and has honored me with an invitation. Lorenzo, you must excuse my leaving you. The Marchese is in his library—go and inform him of the assassination—he will give you his opinion and advice."

"I will attend him—but *I* leave my *soul* with *you*."

Since this conversation Di Rozezzi paid many visits to the Marchesa, and governed

governed his impetuous paſſion ſo artfully, that he had not received one check. Flattered—elated by the engaging manners of the woman he adored, he trembled leſt the preſence of Duvalvin ſhould rob him of the favor he ſo ardently wiſhed to preſerve. Nothing now appeared to ſtand between him and the accompliſhment of his deſires, and he anxiouſly watched for an opportunity to ſolicit the reward of his long attachment, but ſome, as he thought, unlucky circumſtance continually prevented him from urging the amiable Marcheſa on a ſubject ſhe as anxiouſly avoided, without any *apparent* deſign, for ſhe really dreaded to exaſperate him, leſt murder or ſuicide ſhould be the conſequence;—delicately and prudently therefore did ſhe

ſhe ſtrive to harmonize the diſcordant paſſions which warred in the boſom of Lorenzo, whom ſhe wiſhed to ſee, if poſſible, as perfectly excellent as Duvalvin.

CHAP. VIII.

The Page.

A DAY or two after Duvalvin was wounded, a ſervant told Marco that a page had a letter for Signor Duvalvin, which he was charged to deliver into his own hand. Marco, who ſince the aſſaſſination dreaded that any ſtranger ſhould approach his maſter, feared even to admit the page, yet he was obliged to tell Duvalvin the boy waited below; "but" ſaid he, "the little urchin will neither ſay whom he comes from, or give the letter to any one but *yourſelf*, Signor."

"Do

" Do not blame him, Marco; he is ſome lady's truſty page, perhaps:—bring him up."

" Boys can carry daggers, Signor;—your late accident has made a coward of me. I do not fear open enemies—but theſe vile, ſly devils!—one of them is more dangerous than a whole army, becauſe one cannot guard againſt them.—I *fear* men, women, and children—ſtrangers and relations. I do not know who is friend or who is foe *now*, my dear maſter."

" Fear not a *boy*.—Go and introduce him to me directly."

Marco obeyed, and ſoon returned with a well dreſſed, beautiful youth, whoſe

whose face was partly shaded with the redundance of his fine hair. Bowing gracefully, he said:

"Signor Duvalvin, may a lady's messenger be honored with a private conference?"

"Certainly, young Signor; leave the room, Marco.——We are alone—from *whom* came you?"

"From—from——; how pale you look!—Oh! Frederic!—my beloved Frederic!—to see *you* thus is too, *too* much for *me*.—Oh! God! I cannot support myself."

The page trembled—grew pale—and sank down by the side of the bed. Duvalvin

valvin was greatly alarmed, but did not chooſe to call for help. He took up the white hand which lay over him, and preſſing it tenderly to his lips, exclaimed:

"My love!—my Corinna!—look up.—Alas! I have not ſtrength to aſſiſt you!—Deareſt creature!—moſt lovely in *every dreſs*—in every *attitude!*—ſpeak to me, ſpeak to your diſtreſſed Frederic."

"Oh! my Frederic, you cannot forgive me; *I* am the cauſe of this langour—of theſe pallid looks—of your wounds. *You* muſt *hate me!*—yes, miſerable creature that I am, you muſt hate me!"

"Accuſe not yourſelf, my beloved—if you were the cauſe of my accident, yet

yet you are innocent, my Corinna.—*Hate* you! gracious heaven!—no—never—never. Let me kiſs away thoſe precious tears.—I am not in danger, my ſweet love.—How kind is this viſit!—Happy diſguiſe!"

"I could not make myſelf eaſy; *ſending* was not ſufficient—I muſt *ſee*—muſt *ſpeak* to you. Let me ſtay with you! I will be a tender, gentle nurſe—no one will know me thus diſguiſed;—ſay I am a page recommended to you;—ſay *any thing* you pleaſe, only let me ſtay with you, my Frederic?"

"It is impoſſible, my love;—Lorenzo comes into my room every day—he would recollect you as eaſily as I did.—No, my ſweet friend, I can only be

grateful

grateful for your kind, very *kind* offer. What an indulgence it would be to have theſe ſoft hands ſmooth my pillow and adminiſter my medicines—to hear thoſe roſy lips breathe harmony—to feel their tender preſſure. Oh! Corinna!"

"I *will* ſtay with you;—deareſt, *deareſt* Frederic! deny me not that bliſs! no matter for Lorenzo—let him diſcover me—he knows I love you, and will not wonder."

"But then, that chattering fool, Lucentio!"

"Oh! I can *bribe* him to be ſilent—*he* is *nobody*; and your prudent Marco never ſaw me as a woman."

"My beſt love, it muſt not be; my fears—my uneaſineſs on your account would retard my recovery: perhaps kill me."

"Then for worlds I would not ſtay. *Now*, thus ſupported—thus leaning your dear head upon my boſom—tell me, if it will not fatigue you too much, the particulars of what I have heard many accounts—*ſtrange* as they were *various*."

"Thus ſupported, I ſhall fatigue you, my Corinna, and tell you a very prolix tale to lengthen my own happineſs."

"When I am weary of your ſtory I will ſtop your mouth *thus*——Come, begin, and be as tedious as you pleaſe."

Duvalvin

Duvalvin had juſt finiſhed his narrative, which to any other perſon would have been given in a much more conciſe manner, when Marco knocked at the door, and informed him that the Marcheſe del Urbino was come to ſee him.

"Cruel interruption!" whiſpered L'Abandoni, "but in this dreſs I will ſee you often during your confinement, my *deareſt* and *only* love!" then bowing reſpectfully, ſhe ſaid:

"I will inform the Conteſſa of your happy amendment, noble Signor, and give her the account of your aſſaſſination exactly as I have received it from your lips; it will be a great ſatisfaction to hear the truth, after being tormented

by so many false reports. May Heaven encrease your health and strength daily!"

Duvalvin could have excused the Marchese's visit; the soft endearments of Corinna seemed to pour balm into his soul. Nothing is so salutary, so renovating to a person who suffers from either corporal or mental afflictions, as the tender, soothing accents of affection. Corinna had never appeared so lovely, so interesting to Duvalvin as she did during this kind, this unexpected visit; she seemed a comforting angel—her errors were all forgotten; the animated beauty of her face, the perfect symmetry of her form, and the engaging tenderness of her manners, captivated him more than ever. No fond mother anxiously watched over the health of Duvalvin—

no

no gentle ſiſter's affectionate converſe cheered his hours; he was unfortunately a ſtranger to the ſoul endearing ſoothings of female attention, therefore it was no wonder that he ſhould find Corinna's behaviour as *enchanting* as it was *new*.

The viſits of the lovely page became more and more neceſſary to the health and happineſs of the enamoured Frederic:—ardently did he watch for the expected moment, and grew pale and uneaſy if it were marked with diſappointment.

The honeſt Marco, who obſerved his maſter's looks upon all occaſions, ſoon perceived that the page was of more conſequence to his peace of mind than any of his other viſitors, for they indeed fre-

quently agitated him by the length of their visits, lest the page should come before they went away, and he be deprived of her company for a few minutes. As Marco always took care of this mysterious guest, till those who came more publicly were gone; then did the enraptured Duvalvin enjoy what he esteemed the happiest minutes of his life, and anticipate the bliss they should soon mutually share in the beautiful environs of her elegant villa, when following the dictates of benevolence, she distributed blessings to her indigent tenants, and acquired new charms even in the partial eyes of Duvalvin.

Although Marco would sooner have cut out his tongues than have betrayed his master's secrets, it was impossible for the

the page to come ſo frequently without ſome of the other ſervants obſerving it; and Lucentio no ſooner heard that there was a page ſent there every day by ſome lady to Signor Duvalvin, than he determined to find out from whom he came, confident that he could eaſily impoſe on a boy:—but placing himſelf one day where he could take a full view of him, Lucentio immediately diſcovered that the page was his *ci-devant* miſtreſs, whom he had ſeen in ſuch a diſguiſe upon occaſions of a ſimilar nature; he therefore let her paſs without ſpeaking to her, and reſolved to make this circumſtance turn out to his own advantage; but *which way* was to be conſidered.

In the mean time the whiſper ran through all the ſervants, that Marco in-

troduced a lady every day to the young Signor Frederic, in the dreſs of a page, and the honeſt fellow was jeered and tormented by many of them on the ſubject; but as he thought himſelf perfectly innocent of the charge, he bore it with true philoſophical patience.

Marco was too ſenſible to perplex his maſter with the various impertinencies of the Conte's ſervants, either on this or many other occaſions, and ſtill continued to introduce the page, without mentioning the ſuſpicions concerning him, and without having the leaſt idea of his being any thing but what he appeared to be—a prattling page belonging to ſome favorite lady, of whom Duvalvin loved to talk, and who, Marco moſt ſincerely hoped, would wean his maſter from

from his dangerous attachment to L'Abandoni; and miſerable would the poor fellow had been, had he known it was *that very lady* herſelf whom he ſo often introduced.

L'Abandoni dreaded nothing more than the loſs of Duvalvin, whom ſhe almoſt adored, though policy obliged her apparently to favor the Duke. She was in agonies when ſhe heard of the accident, and report exaggerating his danger, determined, by means of this diſguiſe, to gain admittance. Charmed to find him out of danger, ſhe next reſolved by the moſt ſoothing tenderneſs to preſerve his love; and continued a diſguiſe ſo favorable to her deſign of viſiting him daily during his confinement, though fearing ſome of his relations

ſhould diſcover her, ſhe ardently wiſhed he were in a ſtate to return her viſits, flattering herſelf that if he avoided walking at a late hour, he would be perfectly ſafe in future.

CHAP. IX.

Flattery.

ONE evening as Duvalvin and his lovely page were mutually enjoying the beauties of a new publication, which the latter had brought with an intent to amuse her Frederic, the Contessa, without being previously announced, entered the apartment, and frowning haughtily, said:

"How is this, Frederic? I was informed you were alone. Who is this boy? tell me directly, who visits you

ſo ſecretly and ſo frequently? Who is the boy?—Speak."

"Alas! charming Conteſſa, I am a diſtreſſed youth, who leaves Naples to-morrow morning.—I deſerve your pity—do not cruſh me with your frowns.—Thus on my knees, by this fair hand, I ſwear, if duty to a ſick father did not call me away, I would ſolicit the happineſs of devoting my life to you, whoſe commands I ſhould obey with pleaſure. The lady I have had the honor of ſerving for ſome time is ſo capricious, ſo hard to pleaſe, that my life has been a torment to me."

"Poor youth! who is that capricious lady?"

"Pardon

"Pardon me, lovely Conteſſa, I cannot betray thoſe I ſerve—thoſe who *confide* in me."

"What is your own name, faithful youth?"

"Roſario."

"I ſhould like to have you for my page, Roſario.—Are you obliged to quit Naples?"

"I *am*, noble Lady, and my return is uncertain; for ſhould my father die, *I*, who am the eldeſt ſon, muſt take care of my mother and ſeveral young brothers and ſiſters."

"Dutiful boy! I think myſelf unlucky

to see you only *now*, just as you must leave the city. Why did you not introduce him to me, Frederic?"

"I was so severely reprimanded very lately for introducing Enrico Arioni to you, my dear aunt, that you cannot wonder I was fearful of committing a second error. Had you honored me with a *few* kind visits, you would have seen Rosario sooner; he has been frequently with me."

"So I hear, but I have been so much engaged. I wish you well, Rosario. If you return to Naples, you will find a sincere friend in the Contessa Pliantini. —Frederic, your uncle and I wish to have some talk with you to-morrow morning, concerning your future safety; we

we have formed a plan to remove you from *danger*—from *jealous rivals*;—your life is not safe in Naples. Rofario, there is my hand—I am ſorry to part ſo ſoon from one whom I ſhould chooſe to be ever near me.—Adio!"

L'Abandoni upon her knees kiſſed the Conteſſa's offered hand ſo rapturouſly, that ſhe left not the leaſt doubt on that lady's mind in regard to her ſex, though Lucentio had aſſured her that the page was a woman; and as a very profound ſecret, informed her that by a ſlight glance which he ſtole one day, he had great reaſon to believe it was Signora l'Abandoni ſo diſguiſed.

This information greatly excited the Conteſſa's curioſity, and alſo a ſtrong inclination

clination to vex and embarrafs Duvalvin and his enamorata by a detection; with which defign fhe had entered his apartment, but the eafy aud free air of the artful Corinna, accompanied by well-timed flattery, fo effectually deceived her, that fhe was convinced Lucentio had uttered falfehoods; and as fhe anxioufly wifhed for the beautiful and engaging page, fhe would have bribed him highly to quit whoever he belonged to, and refide with her.

The mind of the Conteffa Pliantini was formed to receive fudden and ftrong impreffions, but was too foft to retain them; for caprice as fuddenly obliterated as it impreffed, judgment having nothing todo with her tranfitory affections. With extreme regret therefore did fhe

part

part with one who, at first sight, she both admired and loved, nor could she conceal her tears when she found his present, well-invented, situation rendered him unable to profit by her very liberal intentions.

L'Abandoni could not enjoy the success of her artifice; the Contessa had said Duvalvin must quit Naples; and the minute they were alone, she threw herself into his arms overcome with grief.—It was some time before she could say:

"Frederic! my beloved Frederic! I cannot live without you. Go where you will, in this dress I can accompany you. Danger, toil, every thing that is terrific or laborious *I can endure*, but *not your*

your abſence. If *you* be baniſhed from Naples, *I* will be an exile too."

"Do not let what my aunt ſaid alarm you, my Corinna; the Conte has ever been againſt my leaving home, even when I have petitioned to ſerve my king and country, nor will he now be biaſſed by the Conteſſa's pretended fears. In a few days I ſhall be able to viſit you."

"And then, oh! heaven! will you not be again expoſed to danger? Duvalvin, I am willing to ſacrifice every thing for you. I am ſick of magnificence, and deteſt my lovers, whoſe jealouſy prompts them to ſeek a life dearer than my own. Let us *both* quit Italy—love will render every place delightful; and my fortune will ſupport us in affluence.—

ence.—My adored Frederic, I will live for you alone."

"Lovely Corinna, I am grateful, *very grateful* for your generous offer, yet honor and duty compel me to decline it. I cannot fly from my uncle's houſe like a criminal, and live a dependant even on the lovely Signora l'Abandoni.—Calm, my love, O calm this agony of ſorrow! I will not forſake thee—our interviews ſhall be frequent—waſte not thoſe precious tears."

"Cold, *cold* Duvalvin! Oh! did you love like me, honor and duty would be forgotten—you would think only of my happineſs. Cruel man!—well, be it as you will—never ſee me more—avoid diſgrace and danger.—Farewell. I wiſh I had

I had your indifference, then I could part from you without a pang; *now* the idea rends my heart—*I* cannot bear it.—Oh! I am very ill—I ſhall die."

Corinna fainted—Duvalvin with great difficulty recovered her. He dreaded leſt the Conteſſa ſhould return and diſcover the deception, as l'Abandoni continued unable to ſupport herſelf for a long time. At laſt, reiterated vows of love, accompanied by the tendereſt careſſes, reſtored the diſtreſſed fair one to her priſtine health and ſpirits; when taking an affectionate leave of Duvalvin. ſhe hurried to her carriage, which always waited for her at a little diſtance from the Caſtella di Pliantini.

CHAP. X.

A Propoſal.

IN the morning Duvalvin was deſired to attend the Conte Pliantini in his library;—he obeyed the ſummons, and found the Conteſſa and Di Rozezzi ſitting with his uncle, who ſaid:

"Sit down, Frederic; I am glad to ſee you ſo much recovered from the effects of an accident, which was ſo near being of fatal conſequence. You have inveterate and determined enemies in Naples, from whoſe vengeance you may

may not always escape so well as you have in this first rencounter; therefore it is absolutely necessary for you to quit the kingdom."

The Conte paused—Duvalvin's face was crimsoned with surprise and indignation; and he said, rather warmly:

"Is it possible, my uncle! that *you* should think seriously of banishing me from home, because I was attacked by a midnight ruffian! To what part of the world can I go, where I may not be exposed to a similar accident?"

"It is your duty to *obey*, not *question* your uncle, whose wisdom and penetration enable him to judge for us *all*, far better than we can for ourselves. I am sure

ſure my dear Lorenzo would not have anſwered the Conte in ſuch an impetuous, diſreſpectful manner;—what a ſhocking return for your dear, kind uncle's affectionate care; but he always loved you too well—ungrateful boy!"

"My uncle is indeed very anxious for your ſafety, Frederic; he has carefully inveſtigated this affair, and is convinced that your life is in danger."

"*You*, Lorenzo, *ſaid* that you were attacked, diſarmed, and thrown into the moraſs; our *danger* was equal, conſequently my uncle will exile *both* his nephews; *your* life, I am ſure, is as dear to him as *mine*—to my aunt, I believe, it is far dearer. Is the place of our deſtination fixed? Are we to fly our country,

country, as if we had disgraced it? or, are we to go like noble volunteers, and boldly hazard, in the defence of our sovereign and his kingdoms, the lives we wish to secure from the poignards of assassins?"

This speech greatly disconcerted the hearers;—the Conte bit his lips, and looked inquisitively at the Contessa, whose eyes were fixed on a rose, which she was tearing to pieces, while Lorenzo turned over the leaves of a book, without knowing what he was looking for. Duvalvin arose from his chair, and the Contessa hastily said:

"Stay, stay, perverse boy, and hear your uncle, who has more sense than to be biassed by your artful insinuation of

Lorenzo's

Lorenzo's danger; *he* will be safe when *you* are absent—it is your indiscretions which disgrace and endanger us all. Why are you silent, mio caro? Why do you not tell your nephew——"

"Tell him yourself—I am too angry with him for speaking to me with such unbecoming haughtiness, to talk any farther on the subject at present."

"If I have inadvertently incurred your displeasure, I beg your pardon; believe me, my dear uncle, I did not mean to offend. I am neither proud nor ungrateful—my heart most affectionately acknowledges all my obligations to you. I have loved and obeyed you as my father—I knew no other. The education you bestowed on me was liberal;—

the precepts you inculcated were noble. I am now arrived at an age to profit by that education, and thoſe precepts;—*true* courage animates my ſoul—I diſdain to ſhrink from danger like a coward: the principles that I have imbibed will protect my honor—the ſtrength with which nature has bleſt me will guard my life."

"So you think your good uncle is to be impoſed on by theſe fine high ſounding words;—no, no, Frederic, he is not ſo very mutable; when he has formed an excellent reſolution, he is firm in his reſolves. It would ill become a nobleman of his age and experience to let a boy guide him; that would indeed *leſſen* his dignity—a dignity he knows ſo *well* how to ſupport."

"Yes,

" Yes, Frederic, I know how to ſupport my own dignity, and *yours* alſo. Hear me patiently—I will not be interrupted, nor admit of one objection to the propoſal I am going to make."

The Conteſſa ſmiled her approbation of the ſpeech—Duvalvin bowed humbly —and Di Rozezzi ſeemed to read. The Conte continued :

" My brother, the Conte Severino, is obliged to go to Tripoli, in conſequence of the death of his uncle, who, you have heard, was a rich merchant in that place; and it will be greatly to the intereſt of the Conte and your aunt, between whom the old Signor has left his effects, if he be preſent at the diſpoſal of them. Severino has prepared an elegant, commo-

dious, and well-armed veſſel, he tells me; and has given the command of her to a friend of his, who has been ſeveral voyages to that place; the crew are ſtrong and ſkilful; in ſhort, every thing will conſpire to render the voyage ſafe and pleaſant. The Conte wiſhes that you will accompany him. I have promiſed for you. He expects to ſet ſail in leſs than three weeks. The time of his abſence depends upon circumſtances—ſix or nine months, perhaps. The trip cannot be diſagreeable to you, Frederic, I am certain."

"Impoſſible! My brother quite enjoys the thoughts of it; he intends, I find, to make ſome ſtay in Egypt. Lorenzo would be glad to go, but we cannot ſpare both our nephews."

"Lorenzo

"Lorenzo has been always a very great favorite of the Conte Severino;—*I* have had the misfortune to be his averſion; nor can I conceive why he wiſhes me to go with him, unleſs he hopes I ſhall fall overboard, or die of the plague at Aleppo."

"O Heaven! what a wicked, unnatural thought! of ſuch an amiable, affectionate man as my brother is—unjuſt Duvalvin!"

"Your aunt has cauſe to be diſpleaſed with you, Frederic, for having ſuch ſtrange ſuſpicions of her noble brother."

"The Conteſſa knows he hates me—ſhe knows alſo that this is a treacherous invitation. The Conte Severino may be

affectionate and amiable to those he loves. *I* never found *him so*—Lorenzo *has*, no doubt, and would find the voyage agreeable. I must beg leave to resign my place to him."

"No, Frederic, I will not part with your cousin; my brother wanted him to go—I would not let him. The Conte then asked for you—he does *not hate* you; it is true you are not so agreeable to his taste as Lorenzo. My brother was a spoiled child, he cannot bear the least contradiction, and *you* will not humour *him*. You speak your mind too *freely* to those who are your superiors in age and quality."

"For *that reason* I am a very unfit companion for the Conte Severino, and *must* beg

beg leave to decline the honor he confers on me by his invitation."

"Frederic, you *ſhall* go—I have promiſed for you, and I *will* be obeyed."

"Am I then a ſlave? Am I not ſuffered to have a choice? Is the nephew of the Conte Pliantini to be baniſhed by force! like a criminal from his native land? Oh! conſider, my uncle."

"I have conſidered, and am *reſolved* that you ſhall accompany my brother in law to Tripoli. Prepare for the voyage, for I will not hear one objection againſt it."

"My dear Frederic, do not look ſo diſpleaſed; your uncle is firm becauſe

he loves you. A disgraceful and dangerous attachment renders you blind to your own interest and our affection; we wish, by a temporary absence, to secure your person from danger, and your mind from depravity. A few hours reflection will reconcile you to the Conte's proposal. My beloved Lorenzo will persuade you to comply cheerfully with our wishes; we will leave you together while we pay a short visit to my brother."

The Conte and Contessa left the library without giving Duvalvin time to answer. Lorenzo threw away his book, and said:

"What the devil ails you, Frederic, that you are so averse to taking this trip with the Cont? I wish my aunt would let

let me go; I have ſaid all in my power to obtain the indulgence, but without effect, although both my uncle and Severino have taken my ſide of the argument. You know her obſtinacy. I am very ſorry, as travelling would be agreeable to me, *ſo* would the ſociety of the Conte Severino, who, in my opinion, is a very ſenſible man, only very ſelfiſh in all pecuniary affairs, which is the reaſon my uncle, and indeed the Conteſſa alſo, who is no ſtranger to her brother's foible, wiſhes that one of us would be upon the ſpot when the uncle's lands and effects are ſold, to prevent the avaricious Conte from impoſing on his ſiſter, who, to his great mortification, is left an equal ſhare in the old merchant's property, when he greedily flattered himſelf that he ſhould have the whole.

Severino is a great courtier, and will not ſtay long out of Naples, ſo the period of your abſence will be ſhort. I cannot imagine why you ſhould heſitate."

"I diſlike the haughty, repelling manners of Severino; his preſence has made the moſt enchanting ſcenes in Italy *un*pleaſant to *me*. I muſt, like a cringing ſycophant, flatter the vices I deteſt, or be treated with the moſt ſcornful arrogance; and if I contradict his proceedings—if I aſſert my aunt's right, his malignant ſoul will ſeek revenge:—yes, Lorenzo, he will ſacrifice the ſpy who would control his actions, and bribe his creatures to conceal the deed. I will not go with him. If I *am* to meet an untimely fate, I will meet it *here*. I need

need not go to *Tripoli* to periſh by a *villain's* hand."

"What mean you, Frederic? Your words are pointed.—Whoſe hand?—What villain do you mean?"

"The villain whoſe hand left *your* dagger in *my* boſom."

"*Whom* do you ſuſpect? Why that penetrating look? Do you—*can you* think——"

"Lorenzo! you are *confuſed*—you bluſh. Who is my enemy?—Who employed the bravo?—Tell me, Lorenzo."

"How ſhould I know! All my en-

quiries have been fruitleſs. I never can think of that accurſed night without horror. *My dagger!* Frederic—it cannot reach you at Tripoli."

"The Conte Severino's may.—Need I go ſo far to die?"

"You are melancholy, and infect me;—do not talk of dying—nonſenſe.—Are you able to ride on horſeback yet?"

"I fancy not—I will try to-morrow;—to-day I ſhall pay a viſit to the Marcheſa del Urbino."

"To-day! I believe—I think—ſhe is engaged—out of town, I mean—I heard—ſhe was to go ſomewhere—I cannot recollect perfectly."

'Nor

"Nor *ſpeak* perfectly. My dear Lorenzo, what is the matter with you?—How you heſitate! I long to ſee that enchanting woman—I almoſt adore her."

"I *know* you do—ſo do many more—myſelf among the number; and I have lately received ſome flattering proofs of her partiality."

"To deſerve the eſteem of the Marcheſe and Marcheſa del Urbino, is an honorable boaſt."

"You ſpeak with great coolneſs and indifference. Has your wound, or l'Abandoni, cauſed this coldneſs?—but I forgot—you are a modern philoſopher, and can *conceal* your paſſions. The ancient philoſophers poſſeſſed more ſtrength

ſtrength of mind, and could *overcome* theirs."

"I do not underſtand your ſpeech, Lorenzo. We were talking of the Marcheſa;—what have concealed paſſions and l'Abandoni to do with our diſcourſe?"

"Artful Frederic! you know what I mean.—Why this reſerve?"

"It is time to part, now we cannot underſtand each other. Shall I ſee you at the Palazza del Urbino?"

"Yes—no—I believe not.—I am engaged elſewhere."

Di Rozezzi haſtily left the room, vexed

vexed at the idea of Duvalvin's viſits to the Marcheſa being renewed, for, during his confinement, he had fancied himſelf her chief favorite he, dreaded therefore the return of his moſt potent rival, to whom alone he imputed his ill ſucceſs. Lorenzo never loved any woman ſo paſſionately as he did the Marcheſa del Urbino; and that ſhe ſhould ſo long continue inſenſible to his love, ſurpriſed and mortified him. All his hopes ſeemed to depend on the removal of Duvalvin;—three weeks muſt paſs before he would ſet out for Tripoli—his diſlike to the voyage—his pallid and intereſting look, Lorenzo knew would endear him to the Marcheſa, and his heart was torn with pangs indeſcribable; the ſigh of mental anguiſh was converted into a curſe before it aſcended to his lips.

One

One minute he ordered his carriage—the next forbade it. He wiſhed to viſit the Marcheſa, yet dreaded the reception ſhe would give Duvalvin. Lucentio attempted to ſpeak ſeveral times, but was awed from proceeding by a peremptory "Silence!" and a look which confeſſed the agitation of his maſter's mind. Lucentio crept out of the room, and ſhutting the door ſoftly, left Di Rozezzi to his own thoughts, which could only picture a tender meeting between the object of his adoration and his hated rival;—the meeting he could not prevent, yet it was in his power to check all tenderneſs by his preſence;—he ruſhed out of his apartment, ſeized hold of Duvalvin's arm as he was going to his carriage, and ſaid:

"Frederic,

"Frederic, I have altered my mind—I *will* go with you to the Palazza del Urbino;—it is the firſt day of your going out—the motion of the carriage may incommode you—it is not proper you ſhould be alone. I have ſent an excuſe to Caſſino, with whom I had promiſed to ſpend an hour or two this morning."

"You are very conſiderate, my dear Lorenzo; your company will be acceptable, if you will divert my thoughts from Africa and Severino. Do not attempt to reconcile me to my uncle's propoſal, for that you *never* can."

CHAP. XI.

Diſintereſted Advice.

THE Marcheſa received Duvalvin and Di Rozezzi in the apartment of Enrico;—her own lovely boy and girl were playing with ſome toys on the carpet;—Paulina was taking a ſketch of the proſpect from one of the windows;—Enrico was compoſing a leſſon for her piano forte; while Signora Vinoni and her noble benefactreſs were forming plans for the happineſs and intereſt of thoſe around them.

Joy

Joy ſparkled in every eye—ſincere and ardent congratulations flowed from every heart when Duvalvin appeared.—The Marcheſa embraced him tenderly—Signora Vinoni reſpectfully kiſſed his hand—Enrico and Paulina threw themſelves at his feet, and fondly clung around his knees—and the little ones forſook their toys and ran towards him in ſmiling expectation of ſharing the careſſes he ſo liberally beſtowed.

Di Rozezzi paſſed haſtily to the window—examined the drawing—then ſtruck the keys of the harpſichord with more force than harmony;—and when the children left Duvalvin and reſumed their play, he threw himſelf down by them, and pretending to ſleep, let them cover him with their toys.

In

In this poſition he could hear the very kind things the Marcheſa ſaid to his envied couſin, without diſcovering the agitation they cauſed in his own breaſt.

Duvalvin, unwilling to check the affectionate joy Paulina and Enrico expreſſed at his recovery, avoided a ſubject ſo diſagreeable as the African voyage, on which Lorenzo was alſo ſilent, leſt the Marcheſa ſhould perſuade Frederic to decline the propoſal.

After converſing for ſome time upon various topics, the Marcheſa ſaid:

"Signora Vinoni has made me very happy this morning by conſenting to form the minds of thoſe little wantons, while I take upon myſelf the finiſhing of

of her Paulina's and Enrico's education; every day my boy and girl are to ſtay ſome hours at her charming cottage, and I know ſhe will make inſtruction ſo pleaſing to them, that they will leave it with regret. Dear Duvalvin, it is to you that I am indebted for the Vinoni's and Enrico; you found theſe treaſures for me and my children! The hurry of faſhionable life interrupts maternal duties.—Signora Vinoni has leiſure to attend to their diſpoſitions, and I hope they will reward her care with affection and docility."

"May I be adequate to the truſt the Marcheſa repoſes in me, it will be a moſt delightful taſk—an *intereſting* employment for me to inſtruct thoſe engaging little creatures—they already love me."

"And

"And they ſhall be left entirely to your management;—I have an excellent proof of it in your own amiable Paulina, and will not interfere. Make my Adela like *her*, and I ſhall be happy."

"Your conduct, my amiable patroneſs, is ſo very liberal, ſo *flattering* to me, that I cannot help doubting, not my grateful endeavours, but my *abilities* to render myſelf *deſerving* of your good opinion."

"By what I have ſeen of Signora Vinoni and her Paulina, I think the lovely offſpring of the noble Del Urbino could not have a more amiable inſtructreſs, ſince it is impoſſible for their mother to pay the attention to them which their dawning reaſon requires."

"And

"And which I know Signor Duvalvin thinks is a mother's *duty*:—*I* think ſo too; and ſhould not have neglected the pleaſing taſk, if I had not found ſuch an excellent deputy. I am convinced that my children will improve more in one year with Signora Vinoni, than they would with me in three. Calm and uninterrupted are her hours—no impertinent intruders diſturb the tranquillity of her rural cot, which ſeems the bleſt abode of peace and innocence."

Di Rozezzi lifted up his head, and regarding the Marcheſa with a ſerious penetrating look, he ſaid, half aſide:

"Of *innocence!*—No, no—of LOVE and RAPTURE!"

Then

Then laying his head on the little Adela's lap, ſhe covered him with her frock, and ſung lullaby. The Marcheſa was too much accuſtomed to the wild ſtarts of Lorenzo to be ſurpriſed; and ſaid to Duvalvin:

"Your couſin is troubled with uneaſy dreams, I believe.—Is he well?"

"I have not heard him complain of any indiſpoſition to-day;—he only lies there to amuſe the children, who ſeem to be very well pleaſed with their great play-fellow. As he is ſo lazy, I will leave him here while I pay ſeveral viſits. This is my firſt—my next would have been to the cottage, if I had not ſeen its fair inhabitants here."

When

When Duvalvin left the Palazza del Urbino, Lorenzo roufed from his fupinenefs, and made himfelf gay and agreeable, not only to the Marchefa, but alfo to Signora Vinoni and the children. He pointed out fome improvements in Paulina's drawing, which evinced the delicacy of his tafte; and played the leffon Enrico had compofed, with fuch execution, that the delighted boy heard his work with exultation. The Marchefa, who rejoiced to fee him cheerful and eafy, engaged him to fpend the day with them, and vifit the cottage in the evening, as he had never feen it. He readily complied with the invitation, and heard the cottage mentioned without difguft, fecretly hoping that in a little time it would be the fcene of *his* felicity, as well as of Duvalvin's. Senfual were the ideas

of Lorenzo;—pure and innocent was the felicity enjoyed there by his amiable and benevolent couſin, and the virtuous and amiable Marcheſa; who, while they met to inſure the happineſs of others, were unjuſtly ſuſpected of indulging a ſelfiſh and criminal paſſion: and thus, too, *too* frequently do the virtuous ſuffer from the cruel ſurmiſes of guilty minds.

Duvalvin paid the longeſt viſit to Signora l'Abandoni, but did not ſay a word concerning his voyage, as he dreaded the influence her tears and perſuaſions might have over him; for though the accompanying the haughty Severino to Africa was extremely diſagreeable to him, yet to live a dependent on ſuch a woman as l'Abandoni, was diſgraceful and diſhonorable; his ſoul abhorred the idea,

idea, rich and lovely as he knew her to be;—therefore he determined to ſpare *her* feelings and his *own*, by keeping the ſecret, and if he were obliged to go, take leave of her by a letter.

At his return home, he found Marco ſcarcely able to ſpeak—ſighs burſt from his boſom—his lips trembled—and a tear rolled over his furrowed cheek. Duvalvin took his hand, and ſaid with the voice of affection:

"My dear Marco, what is the matter? I never ſaw you ſo oppreſſed.—Speak to me, my good friend."

"Ah! my maſter! what ſhall I do when *I cannot ſpeak* to you? You are going to a diſtant land, and poor Marco muſt not go with you."

"Yes, my worthy friend, you ſhall, if I go—I am not certain yet.—If it be poſſible to get off without abſolutely diſobliging my uncle and aunt, I will."

"The Conteſſa ſays it is fixed that you muſt poſitively go to Tripoli with her brother, who, ſhe told me, would not incumber his ſhip with invalids; therefore I muſt look out for a place, as the Conte Severino's ſervants are to wait on you. Oh! my dear maſter, what a ſtroke is this for poor Marco!—for MARCO, who would follow you all over the world barefoot. I am mutilated, it is true, and covered with ſcars, yet not a wound that I have received, ever gave me ſuch ſevere pangs as I *now* feel:—proud, cruel lady, you have bent a veteran ſoldier to the earth; even the

beloved

beloved voice of my master cannot revive me."

"My worthy fellow, how your sorrow grieves me!—O that I could relieve it!—but I have no power—I am a slave—yes, a slave to the capricious whims of the Contessa Pliantini, who rules my uncle. O God! am I indeed a destitute orphan!—have I no patrimony!—must I be subject to the supercilious Severino!—by heaven, I would rather exert the talents I possess to procure me an humble maintenance in some distant land, than be a servile dependant.—Yes, I will quit Italy—not with Severino—but with *you*, my faithful Marco."

"No, *no*, my beloved master, you will not take such an imprudent step—you

will not act so undutifully to your uncle —the friend of your youth—who has carefully and affectionately brought you up to be an honor to his noble house;—and will *you* fly from *him?* No, Signor Duvalvin, you will not.—I have frequently heard you wish to serve your king and country. Suppose yourself now a soldier, and ordered upon a disagreeable and dangerous expedition, under the command of a proud, unfeeling officer;—what would you do?—surely not desert! No, my noble master, you would perform your duty, not shrink like a coward, from toil and danger; though they were rendered still more irksome by the imperious taunting commands of upstart ignorance. You would reflect that the road of life cannot always be strewn with flowers—thorny dells

and

and flinty rocks will intervene;—*then* is our fortitude called into action—*then* it is that we muſt prove ourſelves *men*. You have rouſed me, my maſter.—I was ſinking under my ſorrows like a weak old fool; but when I ſaw *your* firm mind ſhrinking from its duty, I bluſhed at my ſelfiſh grief. Now behold me a veteran!—a *Roman* veteran! who will ſcorn to encourage you, my beloved maſter, in the ſlighteſt act of diſobedience."

"Noble Marco! you are a true friend!—and muſt *I* part from *you*, my adviſer, whoſe ſenſe and experience would correct the errors and impetuoſity of my youth!—whoſe fortitude would ſupport me under every difficulty.—You *ſhall* go with me—my uncle cannot deny me this ſlight favor."

"He *will*, my maſter.—Your aunt and the Conte Severino are againſt my going with you, therefore, be adviſed, do not aſk your uncle, it will only vex him;—do exactly as he wiſhes you, and you will be happy. You will enjoy the greateſt of all bleſſings—the approbation of your own heart;—and I, though unfortunately obliged to be ſeparated from you, ſhall glory in a maſter who acted contrary to his inclinations, in obedience to an uncle to whom he owed every thing but birth."

"O that my uncle heard you!—Yes, Marco, I will give him this proof of my obedience—he *deſerves* it.—I have been ungrateful!—I have been ſuſpicious too!—I am aſhamed of myſelf. You are a *true friend*, my worthy Marco!—I will profit

profit by your excellent—your *diſintereſted* advice."

"Heaven bleſs you, my maſter!—do right, and ſucceſs will attend you wherever you go. The ſweetneſs of your temper will ſoften the harſhneſs of the Conte Severino's; and your benevolence will relieve the diſtreſſes of your fellow creatures in a diſtant land.—Yes, the ſwarthy children of Africa will love and bleſs you, my maſter; for *you* will treat them as *men*—as *brothers!*"

CHAP. XII.

Mutual Satisfaction.

A meſſage from the Conte Pliantini interrupted the converſation between Duvalvin and his faithful Marco; it was to deſire his nephew would attend him in the library. Duvalvin went immediately, and found his uncle alone, and apparently in a very gloomy humour, —he ſaid, haughtily:

"Well, Frederic, I hope I ſee you ſorry for your diſobliging and undutiful conduct to me this morning—from you, whom

whom I have ever treated as my ſon, I expect implicit obedience."

"My diſlike to the Conte Severino made me expreſs myſelf too warmly.—Pardon the error, my uncle, I have reflected on my behaviour, and am ſenſible of its impropriety."

"Then I preſume you will accompany the Conte?"

"I will."

"I am ſatisfied. Your compliance makes me happy.—I have very particular reaſons for wiſhing you to take this voyage, but I do not think I am under a neceſſity to diſcloſe them."

"Your *wiſh* is enough, my dear uncle.

—Permit me only to make one requeſt."

"If it be to take Marco with you, I am obliged to refuſe;—my brother Severino will not have his veſſel made an hoſpital—he knew your attachment to that man, and mentioned his abſolute determination not to admit him on board, ſo let me hear no more on the ſubject."

Duvalvin bowed—the Conte pauſed for ſome time, and then continued in a milder tone:

"Do not let this circumſtance prejudice you ſtill more againſt the Conte, who is a good man, though he has a few diſagreeable particularities in his diſpoſition.—Your aunt is very fond of him; and

and, on her account, I expect my nephews to *respect*, if they cannot *love* him; therefore, my dear boy, let me entreat that you will not express any farther dislike to the Conte's proposal of taking you with him—rather appear to esteem it a compliment; this conduct will engage his confidence, and render your tour pleasant. Believe me, Frederic, I have your happiness and interest in view, when I wish you to engage the affections of my wife and her brother; and it vexes me to see you so rudely indifferent to them both.—Why will you not copy Lorenzo?"

A servant announced the Conte Severino, who entered with his accustomed haughtiness; and after returning the Conte Pliantini's kind salutation with cold

cold formality, he turned to Duvalvin, and said:

"Well, young man, I suppose that you have been informed of the favor I mean to confer on you, by taking you with me to Tripoli. Many noblemen are anxiously solicitous to accompany me in this expedition, which I intend to make a tour of observation and pleasure; *you* I hope will gain great *improvement* from it, and as I look upon Signor Di Rozezzi and yourself in some measure related to me, I resolved to make one of you my fellow traveller. My sister is too fond of her Lorenzo to trust him out of her sight, therefore I shall take *you*, Frederic Duvalvin, who I hope are sensible of the great advantage the voyage will be to you."

"My

"My nephew is perfectly ſenſible of the honor you do him—he will attend you with pleaſure and gratitude, my dear Conte;—we were converſing on the ſubject when you came in;—poor Lorenzo is mortified, and, for the firſt time in his life, complains of his aunt's conduct towards him; for if a youthful mind be ardently bent on a favorite purſuit, a check is diſagreeable, whether that *check* proceeds either from ſeverity or fondneſs; and Lorenzo, at preſent, feels himſelf very envious of Frederic's better fortune."

Duvalvin was glad that his uncle anſwered the haughty Severino, as he did not find himſelf much inclined to thank him ſubmiſſively for the *very great favor*, about which he made ſuch a long ſpeech; and

and to have ſlighted the honor, would have offended, not only him, but alſo the Conte Pliantini, whom he was reſolved to obey; for Marco's diſcourſe had impreſſed ſo high a ſenſe of duty on his mind, that every ſelfiſh conſideration was obliterated.

The Conte Pliantini perceived that Severino's imperious manner diſpleaſed Duvalvin, who, he too well knew, would find it hard to practice the courtly accompliſhment—*diſſimulation;* he therefore haſtily replied for him, and then deſired him to inform the Conteſſa that her brother was come, and wiſhed to ſee her.

Duvalvin was delighted at this temporary relief, although he remained firm in

in his determination to comply with the inclinations of his uncle, however incompatible they were with his own.

For the reſt of the day therefore he endeavoured to render himſelf agreeable to the Conte Severino, who, relaxing a little from his uſual proud ſelf-ſufficiency, converſed more familiarly with him than he had ever done before. Thus condeſcending, he made his intended tour an inexhauſtible ſubject of entertainment, as *he* thought, to his auditors, to whom he gave a full deſcription of the cuſtoms and manners of the inhabitants, and the ſituations of the countries in which he intended to reſide for ſome time; and alſo of thoſe through which he were to paſs. To this diſcourſe, that was too prolix to be amuſing, the arrival of company

pany put a termination, and greatly relieved Duvalvin.

The Conteſſa beheld with pleaſure her converzatione brilliantly attended. The Marcheſa del Urbino came at ten o'clock with, as her ciciſbeo, Di Rozezzi, who being in one of his moſt agreeable humours, enlivened the gay throng with his animated and truly elegant converſation.

The Conteſſa Pliantini obſerved with delight and exultation, that her gueſts appeared enchanted with the graceful attentions and lively ſallies of her adored Lorenzo, whom ſhe wiſhed every one to view with partiality. She imputed this charming gaiety to ſome flattering proofs that the Marcheſa del Urbino

Urbino muſt have given him of her favor; and whether thoſe proofs were perfectly conſiſtent with conjugal fidelity was a matter of indifference to the Conteſſa Pliantini, who, when preferment, or pecuniary advantage was to be obtained, thought it a ridiculous piece of falſe delicacy for people to be too nice in regard to the *means* which led to either of thoſe great objects :—the Conte was nearly of the ſame opinion, and nothing could gratify their pride more, than to ſee their nephews, particularly Di Rozezzi, careſſed by thoſe whoſe intereſt at court was publicly known to be great and permanent.

Di Rozezzi had no extraordinary cauſe for cheerfulneſs, except the thought that Duvalvin would ſoon be far diſtant from

from Naples; for the Conteſſa had whiſpered to him, as ſoon as he came in, that Frederic, through his perſuaſions ſhe imagined, had conſented to go with her brother to Tripoli. This information, added to the happineſs he had enjoyed with the Marcheſa, uninterrupted by the preſence of a rival, gave him an unuſual flow of ſpirits, and rendered him captivatingly agreeable, for that he ever was when not under the gloomy influence of his moſt predominant paſſion—*jealouſy*.

Soon after the gueſts were departed, Duvalvin retired to his apartment, where he found Marco apparently tranquil, for that worthy and ſenſible man reſolved to conceal his own grief, rather than add to the trouble, he ſaw with pain, his excellent maſter felt at being obliged

to

to quit Naples, though to part with him ſeemed to rend his faithful and affectionate heart more than any trouble he had yet experienced, as it was ſudden and unexpected, and precipitated him from a ſituation, in which the kind diſpoſition of Signor Duvalvin made him perfectly happy himſelf, as a domeſtic, and whoſe benevolence put it in his power to be of ſervice to his fellow creatures.

Duvalvin was well acquainted with Marco's heroic and diſintereſted mind, and ſaid, taking his hand affectionately:

"My dear Marco, I ſee that you ſtruggle with your own affectionate feelings to inſpire *me* with courage to be dutiful. I have followed your excellent advice, my

my worthy friend, and complied with the wiſhes of my arbitrary relations."

"Thank heaven! you have done your duty, my maſter, and a bleſſed hoſt of ſaints and angels will protect you where-ever you go, by ſea and by land."

"I will write to you, Marco, by every opportunity."

"Bleſs you, my kind, dear maſter!—what an indulgence that will be to me!—how I ſhall treaſure up your precious letters! I hope Signora Vinoni will have the goodneſs to let me viſit my poor ſiſter Bianca, ſometimes; I have no relation in the world but her. Then I ſhall ſee the dear little Enrico now and then—he will not forget me, I hope, when you are gone."

"I am

"I am ſure he will not. The grateful boy always inquires after you moſt affectionately. Tell me ſincerely, Marco, ſhould you like to live at the cottage, if Signora Vinoni chooſes to enlarge her domeſtic eſtabliſhment? It will make me happy to leave you in ſuch a comfortable ſituation."

"And if I can be happy any where in *your abſence*, it will be in that delightful place with my poor Bianca, the amiable Signora, and the little angel Paulina. Though a ſoldier, I underſtand many things in the farming way, and in gardening I have ſome knowledge.—I would make myſelf uſeful to the extent of my abilities, if Signora Vinoni would take me on your recommendation, my maſter. —She will talk of you often, and grieve for

for your abſence—ſo will Paulina and Bianca—yes, and Enrico too—*we all* love *you*—*we* have *all* experienced your bounty."

Marco was obliged to pauſe—his heart was too full to let him hazard another word. Duvalvin told him the plan the Marcheſa had fixed for the improvement of her two little ones. Marco recovered his ſpirits, and ſaid:

"Then, Signor, you know I can teach the little Marcheſe di Marino his exerciſe, and to fence, juſt till he is big enough to have a better maſter; for though I am diſabled and unfit for *actual* ſervice, yet I have not forgot how to handle a muſquet and a ſword;—have I, my maſter?"

"No,

"No, my brave fellow, that you have not indeed; nor have the many wounds you have received weakened your bravery.—You could ſtill nobly defend yourſelf or others."

"I think I could, my maſter. Yes, I might *not* be thought an incumbrance in the Conte Severino's ſhip if any enemy were to come within gun-ſhot of her. I could do ſomething ſtill—yes, for all the Conteſſa calls me a cripple. No matter—it is all ſettled now—ſo I will ſay no more on that ſubject. You, my maſter, know better than the Conteſſa what I can do—and *you* would not call poor Marco a cripple and an incumbrance."

"No, Marco! I would not deſire a

truer friend, or braver protector in the hour of danger than yourself, who are skilful from judgment and experience—and courageous by nature. Had I entered the army, as was my wish, you should have constantly attended me;—from you I should have learned true fortitude. Yes, my brave soldier! you would have taught me to encounter danger with firmness, and to bear my wounds with patience."

"Enough, my beloved master, enough—I am satisfied—you do not despise the veteran—no! *you love* this *mutilated* form—these grey hairs;—and when you come back from Tripoli, my master, who knows what may come to pass;—Perhaps the King will give you a commission,

miſſion, and I may attend you to the field of battle!"

"Yes, my friend, we will look forward to thoſe days;—at preſent, your poſt of honor ſhall be to guard the amiable inhabitants of a cottage, which once before was a veteran's calm retreat after the fatigues of war. Signora Vinoni will venerate an old ſoldier for her father's ſake, and you will enjoy your aſylum becauſe a ſoldier built it, and adorned it with all the ſimple beauties of nature. The friend of Enrico will be received with pleaſure by Signora Vinoni and Paulina, who already love you for your kindneſs to him. You will be very happy with them—happier than you ever were in the Caſtella Di Pliantini,

which your faithful attachment to me could alone render tolerable to you. —Good night, my worthy Marco— to-morrow I hope to arrange every thing according to your satisfaction, and Signora Vinoni's."

CHAP. XIII.

Good Intentions.

IN vain did Duvalvin wiſh to keep his deſtined voyage a ſecret from Signora l'Abandoni;—Lucentio told Lauretta, and ſhe of courſe informed her miſtreſs, who was inconſolable at the idea of parting with the man whom ſhe preferred to all the world. She ſecluded herſelf from company and amuſements, and meditated continually on various methods to counteract the deſigns of the Pliantinis, and detain Duvalvin;—ſhe knew her intereſt was great with

ſome of the leading men in power, and ſhe was determined to exert that intereſt to procure ſome honorable poſt on the civil eſtabliſhment for her beloved Frederic, which would render his abſence improper, and entirely free him from dependance on his arbitrary uncle.—Elated with theſe pleaſing thoughts, ſhe received Duvalvin cheerfully, and imputing his ſilence on the ſubject of his departure to his regard for her peace, ſhe gratefully redoubled her tenderneſs, though ſhe kept her kind intentions a profound ſecret, as ſhe dreaded the obſtacles that duty and pride might oppoſe againſt them; for too well ſhe knew the power ſhe had over the heart of Duvalvin was *limited*, ſince he refuſed to ſhare her fortune, although ſhe laid no claim upon his liberty.

This

This indifference had increaſed, not abated her love, and ſhe endeavoured by the moſt engaging arts to inſpire him with a paſſion equally ardent as her own; and was extremely flattered by a more than uſual tenderneſs in Duvalvin's behaviour, who was ſoftened at the idea of parting from her ſo *ſoon*, and for *ſo long* a time—perhaps *for ever!*

Soothed by her affection, he devoted a large ſhare of his time to her, and ſhe exerted all her talents to amuſe him;—ſhe extended her benevolence according to his inſtructions, and every cottager on her eſtate had cauſe to bleſs her love for the generous Duvalvin, to which they were indebted for every comfort.

Notwithſtanding his long and frequent

visits to the fair Corinna, he did not forget to recommend his faithful Marco to Signora Vinoni, who was greatly pleased to have such an honest domestic; and Bianca was quite overjoyed at the thoughts of having her brother in the house;—Paulina said:

"I *love* Marco!—Enrico has told me how good he was to him. I shall *always* love Marco for our dear Enrico's sake. I am glad he is to live with us."

The Marchesa, who was present when the proposal was made, looking with delight at Paulina, said:

"My dear, grateful girl, how I love you. The worthy Marco shall be dear to us all; we must do every thing in our power

power to make him amends for the loſs of his maſter, from whom he is to be ſo illnaturedly and unneceſſarily ſeparated. Poor fellow! how pleaſed I ſhall be to ſee him teaching my little Di Marino his exerciſe. The children are already very ſociable with him. Through the means of Marco, I ſhall endeavor to ſupply your place, generous Duvalvin;—he knows the world and can diſcriminate—he will ſeek out the abode of diſtreſſed merit, and find in me a ſubſtitute for his liberal maſter——"

"Whoſe power of doing good will far exceed the narrow bounds to which *I* was confined. Amiable Marcheſa, may your generoſity never feel a check! for I aſſure you, Marco will have many claims on it."

"Let him. Marco's benevolence ſhall receive no check. I may wander thoughtleſsly through ſcenes of gaiety and diſſipation, indulging in every faſhionable extravagance, and *forget* the miſeries I do not *ſee*;—but heaven preſerve me from *wilfully* neglecting the children of poverty and affliction, when preſented to me by the hand of humanity! for them, when their wants are made known to me, I will retrench the luxuries of my table, and the elegant ſuperfluities of my toilet, to ſupply them with plentiful meals and decent cloathing.—Duvalvin, *you* are no ſtranger to this mental luxury—this glorious adornment of the ſoul: neither is the Marcheſe del Urbino, whoſe excellent management and benevolent diſpoſition have diffuſed the bleſſings of plenty through every cottage

cottage on his eſtate. As a tender father watches over the intereſt and happineſs of his children, ſo anxiouſly does the Marcheſe watch over his tenants, by whom he is ever received with affection and gratitude; therefore, as our own people are all comfortable, I have the more to beſtow upon thoſe who are unfortunately neglected by the great and affluent, whoſe duty it is to protect them."

The Marcheſa, looking at her watch, aroſe haſtily, and giving her hand to Duvalvin, ſaid:

"I have outſtaid my time. When I viſit this cottage I never know how to leave it. My dear Frederic, you muſt ſee me home, as my children, who were

my companions when I came, are to ſtay with Signora Vinoni. We moſt walk through the orange grove, for my coach is waiting on the other ſide."

As Duvalvin had not expreſſed the leaſt diſlike to his intended vovage, the Marcheſa thought it was his choice, and converſed very gaily with him on the ſubject. She was not acquainted with the diſagreeable ſide of Conte Severino's character, as Di Rozezzi always ſpoke favorably of him; and Duvalvin, when he could not praiſe, was ſilent. The Conte himſelf, when in company with his ſuperiors, could be humble and inſinuating; he poſſeſſed alſo a ſuperficial knowledge of the world, which, in common converſation, enabled him to ſupport his part of the dialogue with ſome degree

of

of brilliancy; therefore the Marchesa imagined Duvalvin would have an instructive and an agreeable companion, and he did not think it necessary to undeceive her; for well he knew, she would sympathise sincerely with him, if she thought the disposition of Severino would render him unhappy for so many months; and to give her the least anxiety on his account, did not correspond with the disinterested mind of Duvalvin.

CHAP. XIV.

Disappointment.

DI ROZEZZI, who had called at the Palazza del Urbino, and heard that the Marchesa had taken the children to the cottage, was now sufficiently intimate with Signora Vinoni to call in by chance now and then to pay his respects, which he had taken care should be when the Marchesa was with her. He therefore immediately took the shortest way, and arrived at the grove, just as she and Duvalvin had entered it to return home.

Lorenzo

Lorenzo ſtarted when he ſaw them at a diſtance, and curſed his ill fortune.—The baleful paſſions, which had for ſome time ſlept in his boſom, were now rouſed by a ſight ſo inimical to his happineſs. He had pleaſed himſelf with having an opportunity of ſaying many things to the Marcheſa without interruption, as he heard ſhe was to leave her ſon and daughter with Signora Vinoni; and he thought his couſin Frederic was at Corinna's, as he told him he was going there, which now Lorenzo's ſuſpicious diſpoſition turned into a deſigned evaſion, to conceal his real intention of meeting the Marcheſa at the cottage.

Duvalvin had not the leaſt idea of deceiving his couſin; he ſet out in order to go to Signora l'Abandoni's, but called at

at the cottage in his way; and politeneſs obliged him to attend the Marcheſa.

The ſerene pleaſure which glowed in their happy, their ſelf-approving hearts, illumined their expreſſive looks. Lorenzo was a ſtranger to the joy benevolent minds experience—he miſtook the cauſe of their animated ſmiles—he heard not the ſubject of their energetic converſation;—and, a prey himſelf to guilty paſſion, beheld them with envy and ſuſpicion.

He was too much agitated to meet them, therefore concealed himſelf behind a tree till they were paſt. He followed at a diſtance, and ſaw Duvalvin get into the Marcheſa's coach—he gazed after it in a ſtate of gloomy inſenſibility. Long after

after it was out of ſight, he ſtood looking over the hedge of roſes—his arms were folded—his eyes fixed—loſt in profound thought, even *curſes eſcaped not* from the lips of Di Rozezzi! nor did he move until rouſed from his ſtupidity by the ſoft voice of Paulina, who ſaid, half breathleſs:

"Is the Marcheſa del Urbino gone, Signor?"

He ſtarted, and turning haſtily round, looked at Paulina with a look ſo fiercely wild, that the child was alarmed, and aſked, trembling and terrified:

"Oh Signor! what is the matter?—has any accident happened to the Marcheſa, or Signor Duvalvin?—

Where

Where are they?—have you ſeen them?"

Theſe interrogatories gave Lorenzo time to recover himſelf ſufficiently to reply calmly:

"No, my love, I have not ſeen them.—Why do you aſk?"

"Becauſe, Signor, they have juſt left the cottage, and I was in hopes I ſhould have overtaken them before they reached the carriage. See, the Marcheſa has left her fan and this eye glaſs, which you know, Signor, always hangs on her boſom;—ſhe will want them *both*, perhaps, in the coach, for it is very warm, and ſhe may like to look at the proſpects through this. She took it off becauſe the

the little Marcheſe di Marino wanted to look through it. I wiſh ſhe had it, and her fan alſo."

"Give them to me, Paulina, I will take them to the Marcheſa, for I am going immediately to the Palazza del Urbino."

"How pale you look! I am afraid you are ill.—Do pray come to the cottage and have ſomething to refreſh you. —Some ices or a little lemonade will make you better."

"No, my kind Paulina, I do not require any thing *now*.—I am much better, I thank you, my ſweet girl;—juſt before you came I was ſeized with a ſudden and violent pain in my head, which is very

very trifling at preſent—it ſcarcely incommodes me. Give my reſpects to your good mamma, and tell her that I wiſh to overtake the Marcheſa and my couſin Frederic, or I would have ſeen you ſafe to the cottage, my pretty Paulina.—Adio.—My ſervants are waiting for me, and my horſe will fly after the carriage.—Adio."

"Adio, Signor Di Rozezzi.—But pray put the Marcheſa's fan in your pocket, or you will certainly tear it.—How can you play with it ſo roughly?—Do pray, Signor, care of it."

Paulina had cauſe for her fears, for he had ſtruck the fan againſt his forehead ſeveral times with great violence, and then began to fan himſelf in a furious manner.

manner. When she cautioned him so seriously, he endeavoured to laugh at her fears, and kissing his hand with apparent gaiety, he put the fan into his pocket in obedience to her commands, and Paulina tripped home perfectly satisfied.

Lorenzo was in such a capricious mood, that one minute he could have torn the fan and broke the glass to pieces—the next he gazed on the fan with rapture, and pressed the glass to his lips and bosom with silent ecstacy; then making a full stop, and sighing as if his heart would break, he hung it on his neck, and exclaimed triumphantly:

"There!—it is *mine!*—I will not part with it!—*here* it shall hang for ever.—Oh!

Oh! enchanting Del Urbino! it has hung upon thy bosom!—Canst thou deny me this little treasure?——By heaven! I will not put it in her power to refuse me. This glass—this chain by which it is suspended, may easily be matched. Yes, these shall be replaced by others of equal value. These—*these* I will keep *for ever!*"

Di Rozezzi, instead of endeavouring to overtake the Marchesa's carriage, went directly to his goldsmith's, and thence to the Palazza del Urbino.

CHAP. XV.

Paſſion corrected by Diſcretion.

LORENZO, at his arrival at the Palazza, found the Marcheſa alone, for Duvalvin had taken his leave to pay his intended viſit to l'Abandoni. Di Rozezzi, diſplaying the fan, ſaid:

"Behold the cauſe of my intruſion.—Paulina commiſſioned me to deliver this fan and this glaſs ſafely into your own hands."

"Have you been to the cottage ſince I left

I left it, Signor Di Rozezzi, that you have ſeen the little Paulina?"

Yeſ, lovely Marcheſa.—Oh! no—not to the cottage.—I met Paulina in the grove, which ſhe thought you had not quitted. The little girl fearing you ſhould want your fan and glaſs, ran after you with them, and was quite of breath."

"Poor Paulina! So inſtead of overtaking *me*, ſhe met *you*?"

"She did; and told me you had left the cottage with Davalvin. I was vexed—diſappointed! The penetrating girl beheld my diſorder, and aſked me ten thouſand queſtions concerning my health, which I anſwered incoherently, I am ſure."

"She

"She thought you were mad, no doubt."

"I believe ſhe did;—ſhe feared to truſt me with your fan, and repeatedly charged me not to tear it; at laſt, looking very ſuſpiciouſly at me, ſhe earneſtly entreated me to put it into my-pocket."

"How inconſiderate you a e, Lorenzo!—what muſt the child think of your behaviour!—ſhe will make ſtrange reports of it."

"Do not reprove me—I have had vexation enough.—You hvae no pity for me."

"You are miſtaken—I do pity you ſincerely, if you be really vexed at any

thing of consequence. Tell me—what is it that afflicts you?—O! I guess—I beg your pardon—I forgot how soon your cousin is to leave you; and, brought up from infants together, as you two have been, the parting *must* be a *sad* trial; yet, do not grieve, the time will soon slip away—he will return in less than a year he says."

"Return!"

"Come, come—do not be childish—I shall laugh at you presently, if you look so grave."

"You *do* laugh at me.—By heaven I cannot bear it!"

"How! not bear to see me *laugh*!—then

then I muſt *cry* for your couſin Frederic, if that will comfort you."

"Yes, I know you could cry for *him*.—His abſence will afflict you, moſt certainly.—Cruel Marcheſa!"

"*Cruel Di Rozezzi!—you* have no pity!—without remorſe you are tearing my poor fan to pieces, unmindful of Paulina's caution; now pray preſerve this tattered relic as a memento of your thoughtleſſneſs. Give me my glaſs while it is ſafe, or you will break that next, I fear——Ah! this is not *mine*—the chain is better—the mounting of the glaſs too is more elegant. What! *did* you break my glaſs in a paroxyſm of ill humour? and my *chain!*—have you broke *that* too, Di Rozezzi?"

"Enchantreſs! no.—Oh! that I *had* —that I *could*!—Here! behold! here is your glaſs; and *here*, while I have life, it ſhall remain." He drew it from his boſom. "From the moment I received it, I determined never to part with it.—Has it not hung on *your boſom?*—Has it not been touched by *your hand?*—to *me* it is a treaſure!"

"A *trifle!* not worth a thought.—Paulina has given you an opportunity of diſplaying you gallantry."

"Gallantry! and do you ſtyle the paſſion which *I* feel mere *gallantry?*—Is it poſſible that you can treat it ſo lightly?"

"Yes, certainly I muſt; and laugh at your attempt to make a ſerious affair of

of it? *Paſſion* is a horrid word, and makes me grave and angry—*Gallantry*, harmleſs and faſhionable, flatters and diverts me.—The former, like ſome rude ſavage, rends the flowers of happineſs to pieces;—the latter, like a butterfly, plays gaily and lightly around them, without injuring their beauty."

"Is love a rude ſavage?"

"Sometimes;—and ſometimes a butterfly. Look at the remains of my poor fan;—was it torn in a thoughtleſs gaiety of heart—in childiſh playfulneſs?"

"Oh! Del Urbino, ſpare me!—forgive me! I am too violent—I knowit; yet, I cannot—by heaven! I *will not* be a fluttering, inſignificant trifler.—*I ſcorn* the character!"

"If you ſcorn the character of harmleſs inſignificancy, ſcorn alſo to render yourſelf conſpicuous to the world, by indulging illicit paſſions;—*paſſions* injurious to yourſelf and others —Di Rozezzi, eradicate the vices which degrade your haughty ſoul, and be *happy*."

"Happy!—it is only *you* who can make *me ſo*;—you can do what you pleaſe —I am your *ſlave*."

"No, Lorenzo, no—my reproofs are diſregarded—my advice thrown away.—You ſtill remain ſelfiſh, jealous, and revengeful.—Can I poſſibly eſteem ſuch a character?—*Never!*"

"If wiſhing you to love me be ſelfiſh, *I am indeed very ſelfiſh.* I am jealous too of

of thoſe to whom you give a preference ; and your indifference—your *cruelty* may force me to—I do not know what—ſome *deſperate* deed ! I am not maſter of myſelf—do not—oh ! *do not* deſtroy my ſoul,"

" Infatuated man, how you diſtreſs me ! I muſt never admit you when I am alone, if you continually forget the reſpect due to yourſelf and me."

The Marcheſa rang the bell !—a ſervant entered, to whom ſhe ſaid :

" Tell Enrico that Signor Di Rozezzi wiſhes to ſee him, if he be not engaged with either of his maſters ; if he *ſhould*, the Signor will go to his apartment."

Di

Di Rozezzi went to the window to conceal his agitation from the domeſtic; and when he had quitted the room, threw himſelf at the Marcheſa's feet, and ſaid:

"Pardon me, I cannot endure your anger—I *will* be *patient*—ſay you forgive me before Enrico comes.—I will ſtrive to conquer my impetuous temper—my love *too* if it offends you."

"Riſe, riſe Lorenzo; do not let the child find you in this poſture. There is my hand—*once* more *I* forgive you. I undertook a very difficult taſk when I promiſed to correct your errors;—you are an ungrateful ſubject, and grow worſe inſtead of better.—I ſhall certainly give you up if you do not mend—I begin to deſpair. I had ſome little hope

hope that you were growing a reaſonable creature, but to-day you are as wild as ever. I hear Enrico—recover your ſenſes."

Lorenzo obeyed. When Enrico came in, he was perfectly ſerene, and converſed with the agreeable boy in his uſual ſenſible and inſtructive manner. The Marcheſa was gay without levity—ſhe ever ſtrove to make virtue and modeſty cheerful and unaffected, not rigid and reſerved—no averted looks or forbidding frowns reproved Di Rozezi for his preſumptuous love;—no.—It was not worth a thought—forgot as ſoon as mentioned; and *thus* did this truly excellent wife and mother check the vain hopes of her admirers, by convincing them, by her own eaſy, unembarraſſed

barraſſed behaviour, that their love, either pretended or real, had not made the leaſt impreſſion on her mind.

As Di Rozezzi accompanied the Marcheſa and Enrico to the opera, and ſupped at the Palazza del Urbino, it was very late when he returned home;—his ſpirits, which had been exerted during the evening, were no longer buoyant;—he had left the Marcheſa cheerful and happy, but he found himſelf depreſſed and wretched.

Silent and gloomy he entered his apartment; and throwing himſelf on a ſofa, curſed his fate; while the lovely form of the Marcheſa preſented itſelf to his imagination, and her captivating accents ſeemed to charm his ear. He lay abſorded

abſorded in agonizing thought, regardleſs of time. The ſleepy and fatigued Lucentio ſtood anxiouſly waiting to undreſs him;—he coughed—he moved the things which lay on the table—and he did every thing that he could poſſibly think of to rouſe his maſter, without making him angry; but Di Rozezzi continued inſenſible to all the movements which Lucentio's impatience impelled him to make.

The ſleepy valet, provoked at being ſo unneceſſarily debarred from his ſlumbers, and wearied by his fruitleſs efforts to awaken the attention of his thoughtleſs, or rather *ſelfiſh* maſter, was forced to ſubmit to his fate; and leaning againſt a bookcaſe, notwithſtanding his uneaſy poſture, would have enjoyed an hour

hour or two's sleep if he had not been repeatedly roused by the deep-drawn sighs or sudden exclamations of anguish, which burst from the agonized bosom of the restless and self-tormented Lorenzo Di Rozezzi.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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